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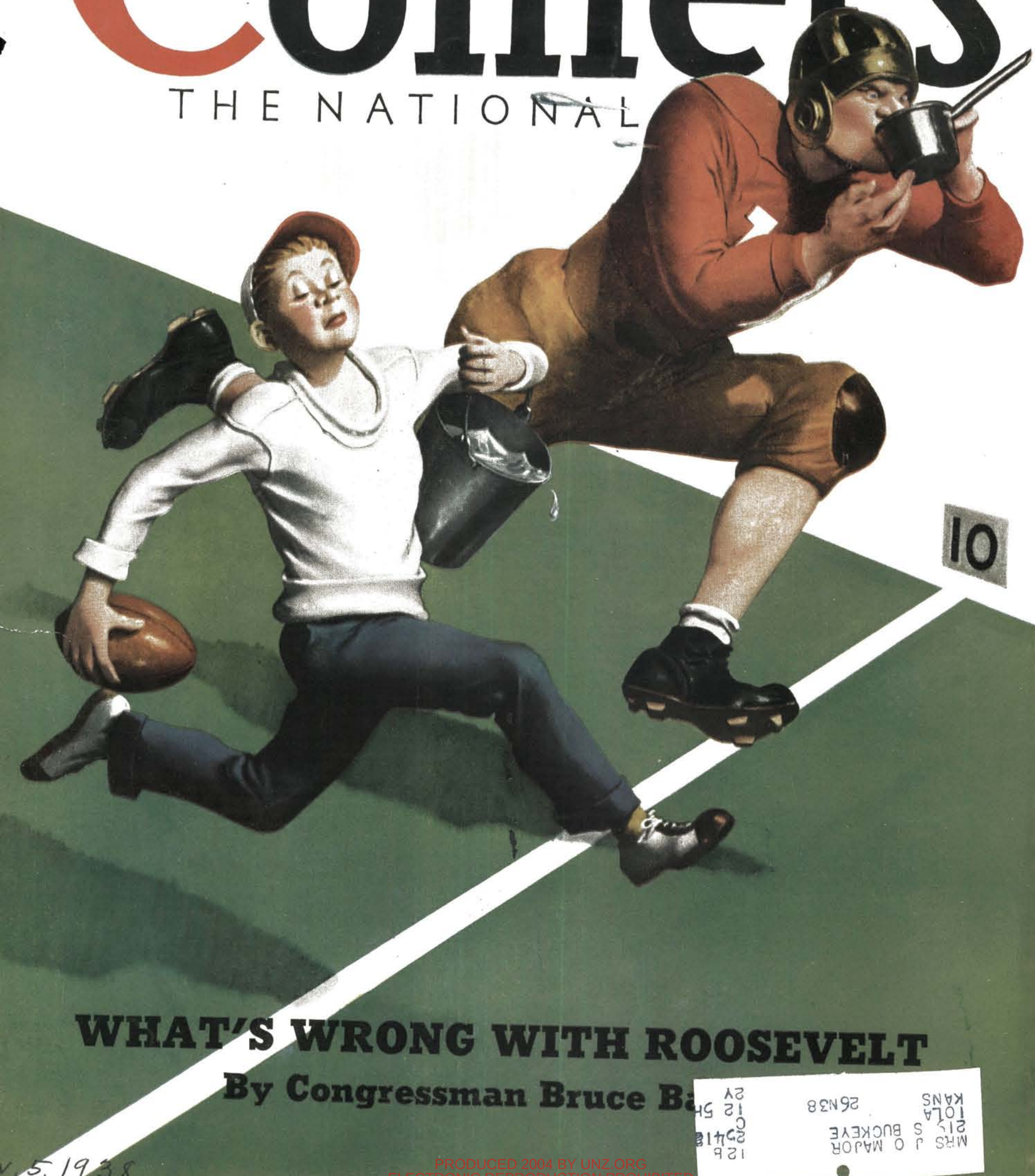
November 5, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ROOSEVELT

By Congressman Bruce Ba

MRS J O MAJOR
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5, 1938

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He runs a $60,000,000 Company with the Pen that has What it Takes

and you can get its Twin at any nearby Pen counter!

W. G. SKELLY
President, Skelly Oil Company

At the age of 16, Mr. Skelly started to learn the oil business as a $2 per day laborer. But he temporarily forsook it in 1898 to join Uncle Sam's fighting forces in Puerto Rico. The Spanish-American War over, he returned to his first love—the oil business—while still only 21 years old.

In 1916, the discovery of "black gold" lured Mr. Skelly's adventurous spirit to the great El Dorado oil field in Kansas. There he developed important properties, later absorbed into Skelly Oil Company which he founded in 1919. Today, this $60,000,000 corporation is one of the largest of the independents, and its numerous petroleum products are used by millions. Among Mr. Skelly's able assistants in directing this thriving enterprise is his never-failing Pen, the inspiring Parker Vacumatic.

SKELLY

The Revolutionary Pen that doesn't run dry unexpectedly, because it shows when to refill—and is always *Ready to Start When You Are!*

Its Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and 14-K Gold—33% more Gold than formerly—is tipped with polished Osmiridium—twice as costly as ordinary iridium

People, like W. G. Skelly, who have what it takes to win distinction, use the Pen that has what it takes to speed them on their way.

William M. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific Railroad; Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde, former U. S. Ambassador to Denmark and noted lecturer; Dorothy Dix, famed newspaper columnist and adviser; C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, Inc., and Burton Holmes of *Travelogue* fame are only a few of the many more who've chosen this Guaranteed-Perfect Pen—the Parker Vacumatic.

If you haven't tried this revolutionary invention, you have no idea what a modern fountain pen is like.

Do you know, for example, that the Parker Vacumatic holds so much ink that it requires filling only 4 or 5 times from one birthday to the next? This is because its simple Diaphragm Filler eliminates 14 old-time parts including rubber ink sacs and piston pumps.

Do you know that this marvel shows at all times how much ink you have to spare—shows when to refill—so it won't run dry unexpectedly?

It is utterly impossible to obtain in any other pen the precious, patented features of the Parker Vacumatic. It is utterly impossible to obtain this wholly original, exclusive and ultra-smart Style—shimmery circlets of laminated Pearl and Jet—except in this pedigreed Beauty.

Stop at the nearest pen counter today and try the twin of W. G. Skelly's Pen. Be sure to look for the smart ARROW clip. This ARROW identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic, and distinguishes the person who carries it.

The Parker Pen Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

Parker recommends Quink, the new pen-cleaning ink. 15¢, 25¢ and up.

COPR. 1938, THE PARKER PEN CO.

PENS:
$5.00
$7.50
$8.75
$10

Pencils to match, $3.50, $3.75, $4, $5

1888 SEMI-CENTENNIAL 1938

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T. M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

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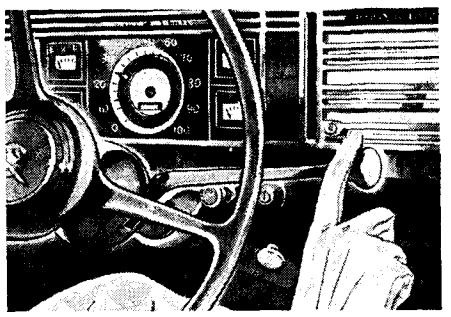
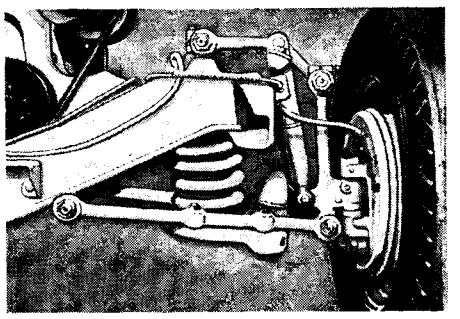
A Greater Plymouth at New Lower Prices!

THE VALUE IS UP—
THE PRICE IS DOWN



PERFECTED Remote Control Shifting (*left*), with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on "De Luxe." Much easier ... and nothing new to learn.

NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs (*right*), finest springing design in the industry, give Plymouth a wonderful new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



1939 Plymouth brings you New Luxury, Performance, Economy—a Sensational New Ride!

VERYWHERE people are saying the new 1939 Plymouth, at new low-prices, is *the* great automobile buy the year! And here's why...

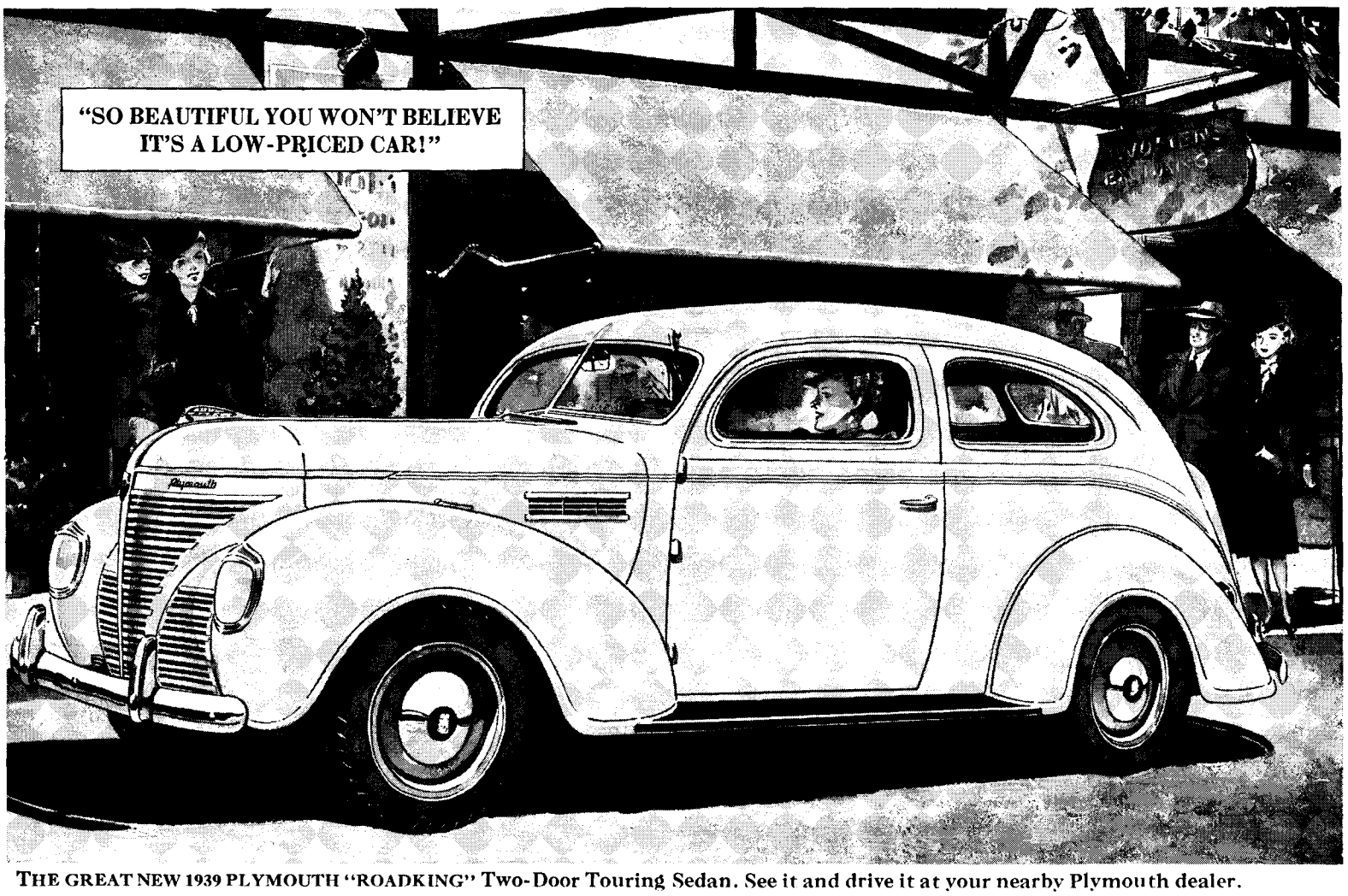
It's a bigger car...with magnificent w styling, new High-Torque en-ıe performance and new economy.

New Amola Steel coil springs and tented Floating Power engine ıuntings give you a sensationally ooth, new ride. And there's new ety, new ease of control, in Plym-ch's 100% hydraulic, double-action ıkes and new True-Steady steering.

t's easy to own—your present car l probably represent a large pro-tion of Plymouth's low delivered ce...balance in low monthly instal-nts. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYS-R CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

or 1939 Plymouth Brings All These Big Features

Longer Wheelbase—now 114-ins.
New High-Torque Engine Performance with New Economy.
Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting—much more convenient.
New Auto-Mesh Transmission.
New Amola Steel Coil Springs.
New True-Steady Steering.
New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.



THE GREAT NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" Two-Door Touring Sedan. See it and drive it at your nearby Plymouth dealer.

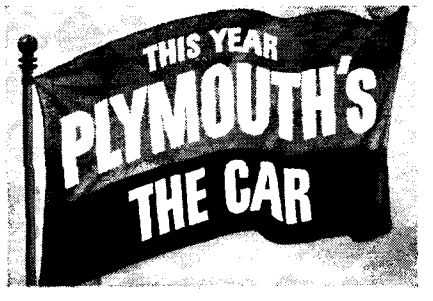
EASY TO BUY
CONVENIENT TERMS

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models are slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

STEPHEN FARR, of South Africa, had no business to be at Gorston Hall—certainly he had no business to be there under an assumed name. There was, however, a reason, as handsome a reason as a man could find—one Pilar Estravados. But that was no help to Stephen after the murder.

Mr. Lee, owner of Gorston Hall, was an aged and sardonic presence, keeping his hold on life by making other people suffer. If the other people happened to be his own children, so much the better. As a result, Gorston Hall was full of people who could hardly wait for Mr. Lee to die. Someone, as a matter of fact, didn't wait. And so what you find in Agatha Christie's new serial is "Murder for Christmas."

FROM time to time representatives of the public utilities fill the air with bitter denunciations of the government's power policy. But so far no one has been able to say precisely what that policy is. In an article written for Collier's, Secretary Ickes, who is chairman of the President's Power Policy Committee, does just that. "The Right to Power" gives a clear and comprehensive statement of the basis and goal of the government's activity.

ELLEN MOORE was younger than Joe Galen, but more mature. And that led her to make a mistake. She knew that football is just a game, and so she thought that Joe's feud with Coach Merne was simply childish bad temper. It took time for her to realize that the gridiron can be the proving ground for a man's integrity. "Orders Disobeyed" is by Harry Sylvester.

ELWYN GIBBON had a well-paid job. Fairly regular hours, too, and comfortable living conditions. He and his wife occupied an apartment in the city. He left after breakfast and usually got back for dinner. The interval was spent in shooting down Japanese planes and bombing Japanese troops. "Commuting to War" is a factual report of his experiences.

WHAT happens to a middle-aged teacher when his loveliest pupil falls in love with him? If luck's against him, he falls in love too. That, up to a point, is what happened to Markham and "Ruthie." Their story is told by Lester Atwell.

ALSO in the line-up you will find: Jack Dempsey, Richard Hoffman, Frank Condon, Richard Ormond Case, R. S. Richardson, Humphrey Cobb, Freling Foster and others. All triple-threat players.

Collier's

November 5, 1938

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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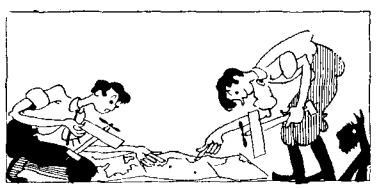
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Any Week

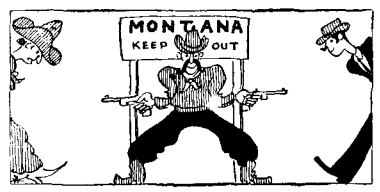
MR. DAVID C. GIBSON, vice president of the Maryland Casualty Company, and Mr. L. A. Sawyer of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters need not imagine that Freling Foster's paragraph about burglary insurance policies did not chill our blood too. Neither can they estimate the comfort their letters bring us. Mr. Foster wrote in his "Keep Up with the World" that "Most burglary insurance policies . . . cover only cases where forcible entry is made . . . the householder cannot collect when the burglar has left no marks, having used keys or entered through an unlocked door or window." Fancy our consternation! But Messrs. Gibson and Sawyer assure us that not more than one per cent of the policies against loss of property within one's home are of the restricted Foster type. Ninety-nine per cent protect us against burglary, robbery, theft and larceny. And those terms cover any means of ingress a pilfering wretch may use. As Mr. Gibson puts it, being a scholar as well as a seller of insurance, ninety-nine per cent of "so-called burglary policies cover larceny, robbery and theft as well, the term 'burglary' being simply generic."

THUS reassured, you are at liberty to worry over things in Europe. Fortunately a letter from Mrs. June F. MacBride of Tacoma, Washington, makes it simple. Mrs. MacBride's nine-year-old son Lucien and his friend Tod, equipped with large fleets of five-and-ten planes, were at war. Said Lucien: "First you bomb hell out of Berlin and then I'll bomb hell out of Paris." Said Tod: "No, let's bomb hell out of the Russians. If we bomb each other we may be killed." But Lucien knew the answer. "Naw," said he, "we won't be there. We're running the war. We'll be out in the country just directing."



OR IF you'd prefer you might bend the old bean in the direction of Richmond, Virginia, where Mr. John Jay Murfin, a radio ham, has been doing a great deal of thinking. "America," says he, "the pioneer in most of the world's most important scientific discoveries for the masses, has now an opportunity to add to her progressive glory. Let's adopt the policy of international negotiations by international radio hookups. Let it be done as any commercial broadcast is done—openly. Then everybody can listen in, object or approve and give the negotiators our immediate reaction by telephone and telegraph. Thus we can vote immediately for or against war."

AS YOU very well know, this magazine has no Inventors' Corner. But if we had such a department we don't see how we could exclude mention of a new one by Professor I. Richtower of Los Angeles, California. We don't know much about it, of course, Professor Richtower not knowing us very well and being, therefore, somewhat reluctant. But he calls it the Richtower Sun Conservator and Disseminator. The sentence in his letter that shackles our fancy is: "There is no reason with my machine why every state and every country cannot be a California."



OF COURSE there are fussy persons who will say that the professor is carrying things a bit far. We suspect that Mr. George O. Knowlchin of Butte, Montana, might be one. "Is it possible or impossible," asks Mr. Knowlchin, "for one state to exclude people from other states? If not why not? We have a fine state here in Montana and if left alone would make it perfect. But just about when we get things going good and well on the road to what we want, somebody moves in from the East or the West Coast with ideas and we have to start in all over again."

THAT might be turned over to a new government bureau that Mr. Con Weltie of International Falls, Minnesota, has in mind. There are always a number of unnecessary things going on, Mr. Weltie thinks. Let them have their heads and they run away with us, fetching up, of course, in the inevitable ditch. "I could name some of them," says Mr. Weltie, "but that is not the point. It would be impossible to name them all because new ones are always happening in. I suggest that a new bureau be created to watch out for them and nip them in the bud or at least put a stop to it, before it is too late. Both sexes are guilty."

WE TAKE the hint. *W. D.*

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YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

In the past four years, streamlined trains have reawakened interest in the railroads of America. They have been widely publicized and discussed. But there has been a growing tendency to lose sight of the important differences between the various types of streamliners—probably because of misuse of the terms that have sprung up to describe them.

"*Streamlining*" in itself is a matter of outward shape, aimed at reducing wind resistance. It has nothing whatever to do with the safety or comfort of passengers.

"*Light weight,*" as a term applied to modern trains, can mean much or little. Many of the cars in today's eighty streamlined trains are as heavy as the old conventional equipment. Others are only a little lighter. And yet the elimination of dead-weight is one of the most vital problems facing the railroads.

To reduce weight without sacrificing strength or safety, stronger materials must be used. The strongest available material for railroad cars is 18-8 chrome-nickel steel—stainless steel. Some so-called "stainless-steel" cars have merely a stainless-steel covering. In actual fact, this shiny exterior has no relation to true stainless-steel construction.

Budd design and the exclusive Budd SHOTWELD★ method of fabrication make it possible to build stainless-steel cars that are stainless steel *through and through*—cars that maintain the highest factors of strength and safety while eliminating a greater proportion of dead-weight than any comparable equipment now on the rails.

This combination—design, material and method—produces truly *lightweight* cars that are in keeping with the high standards of safety set by the American railroads.

★ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO., PHILADELPHIA—DETROIT

BUDD

METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
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Unbelievable Cleanliness! Luster that Dazzles!

WITH THE NEW

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

SUPERCHARGED WITH *Luster-foam*

($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power . . . consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached . . . the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic "bubble bath." This "bubble bath" freshens, cleans, and polishes in a way you didn't believe possible.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter . . . the *very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts.*

As the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it does:

1. Sweeps away food deposits. 2. Obliterates dull, stained film. 3. Combats dangerous acid ferments. 4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

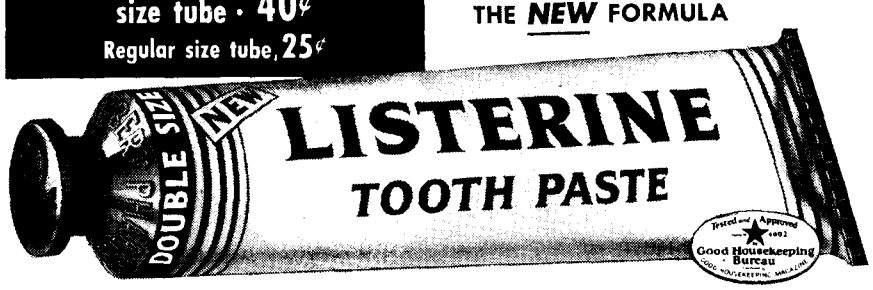
What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢. Double size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢

Regular size tube, 25¢

THE NEW FORMULA



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Otomacos, a savage clay-eating tribe of Indians dwelling in the Orinoco forests of central Venezuela, have an original and exclusive marriage custom. Whenever possible, the girls are married to old widowers and the boys to elderly widows.—*By Mrs. Frederick Marshall, Lima, Peru.*

Although there are as many as 400,000 inmates in America's penal and correctional institutions today, criminologists estimate that at least 5,000,000 other persons are engaged in criminal pursuits.—*By Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

One of the most famous dungeons in history is in the Château de Chillon on Lake Geneva in Switzerland. Between 1530 and 1536, it was the prison of François Bonivard, a politician and the hero of Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." Since that time, countless tourists have visited the cell and thousands have inscribed their names on its walls, among them being Byron, George Sand and Victor Hugo.

A recent survey of the amount of money spent for food in meat markets, groceries, fruit and vegetable stores and delicatessens in Mississippi reveals that the average sum per capita is less than five cents a day.—*By Hector Lazo, Washington, D. C.*

A trap drummer in a first-class American orchestra sometimes is equipped with more than forty instruments, the complete set of which has cost as much as $1,000.—*By Jere Whitehead, New York City.*

The world's largest oil painting on canvas is Tintoretto's "Paradise," which hangs in the Doge's Palace in Venice. This picture has an area of 2,200 square feet and contains about seven hundred heads.

Since 1893 more than one half of all the world's ice-skating speed champions have been Norwegians. —*By Viola Irene Cooper, New York City.*

Some animals seem more susceptible to death by lightning than human beings. In many cases on record, a flash has killed only one man in a crowd, while other similar flashes have killed all the animals in a large group. As examples, 288 sheep perished from a single flash in an open field in Germany, 150 pigs met their death in Belgium and 340 sheep were killed in France.

In 1589 in Rome, during the erection of the obelisk in St. Peter's Square, a sailor named Bresca shouted to the workmen to "water the ropes" and thus saved the giant shaft from crashing to the ground. Although he had disobeyed the order of Pope Sixtus V for complete silence during the ceremony, Bresca was rewarded with the perpetual right to supply palms to St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. And his posterity still carries on the custom.

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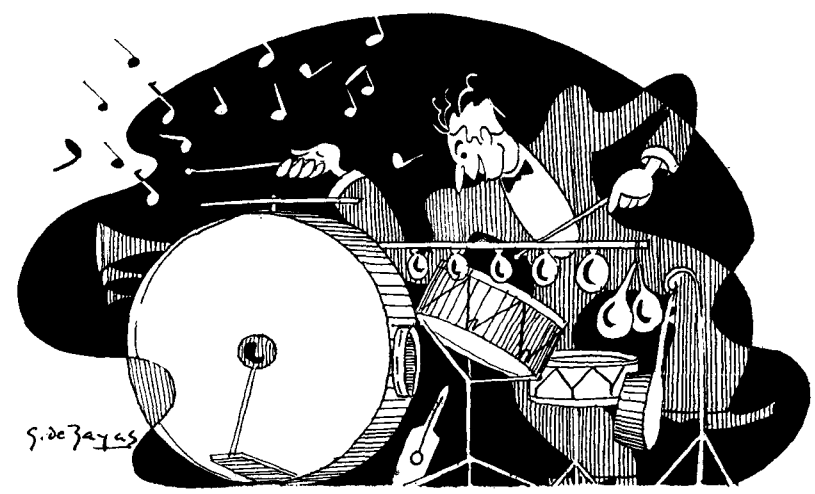

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NOW-A TOOTHBRUSH WITHOUT BRISTLES!

The New Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft

Made possible by an amazing new invention

DU PONT EXTON*

a product of DuPont Chemistry

Copr. 1938 by Weco Products Company

Ends animal bristle troubles forever!

① **NO BRISTLE-SHEDDING**—EXTON is uniform—micromatically perfect! Cannot possibly break off or come out in your mouth.

② **100% WATERPROOF**—EXTON is non-porous! This new laboratory-made product cannot get limp or soggy when wet.

③ **LONGER LIFE**—Scientific tests show that EXTON outlasts animal bristle two to one. Yet, cannot scratch the enamel of your teeth.

④ **NEW SPARKLING BRILLIANCE FOR TEETH**—Greater tooth-cleansing power by far than has ever before been possible.

* **Heretofore all toothbrushes have been made with animal bristles. Now, after years of research, *DU PONT EXTON BRISTLE*—a product of DuPont Chemistry—has been developed and is used in Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush exclusively.**

AFTER MORE THAN a quarter of a century of research, the chemists of the vast DuPont laboratories have discovered the secret of making an amazing bristle-like filament. This new invention, EXTON, is *perfect* for toothbrushes in every respect.

It is not animal bristle; it has none of animal bristle's undesirable qualities. It cannot break. It cannot split. It is water-repellant. Because each Exton fiber is identical in size and texture, they will not pull out or break off.

Yes, a miracle has been performed—and the DR. WEST'S *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush is a reality! *Only* DR. WEST'S can offer you its unique advantages, because DuPont produces Exton exclusively for DR. WEST'S *Miracle-Tuft!*

Throw away your obsolete toothbrushes today! Get a new DR. WEST'S *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush (in the red and gold label glass tube, 50¢ everywhere) and experience an entirely new kind of thrill—the sparkling lovely brilliance of your teeth really clean!

NEW! REDUCED PRICE ON THE FAMED DR. WEST'S WATER-PROOFED TOOTHBRUSH!

GOOD NEWS! The same famous brush that has outsold all others for years at 50¢! Made of finest-quality natural bristle, water-proofed against sogginess, now at a price anyone can afford.

Packed in new style Blue and Yellow Carton....Sterilized!..... 35¢

Also try Dr. West's Tooth Paste—an amazingly effective aid to brilliant-white teeth. On sale everywhere.

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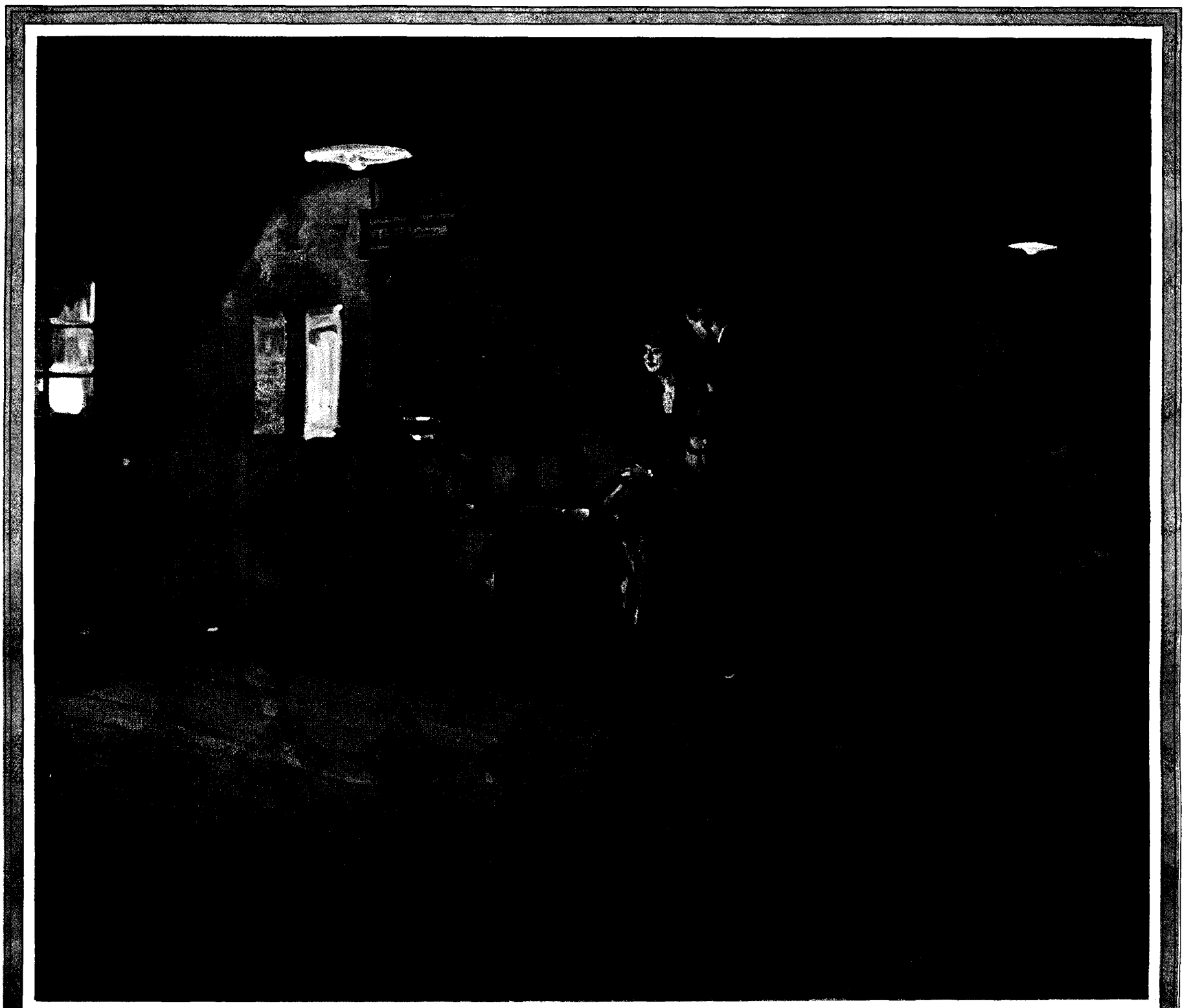

"We could live on the money I'm spending for railroad fares! What do you say we try it?"

The Greatest Reason in the World

"WHY did you buy life insurance?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "it was because once I met a young person coming up the stairs of an apartment house with her arms full of packages, one of them dangling from a slender string. I didn't think she'd mind, so I offered to help her. At the door of her apartment, I saw that she was quite pretty. She still is.

"Because late one night, while she and I were waiting at a dimly lighted railway station for the Owl to take me home, I said, 'We could live on the money I'm spending for railroad fares! What do you say we try it?' We did, and it worked.

"Because one day I was offered a job by another company, and when I told my boss, he promised me ten dollars more a week if I'd stay. When I told *her* of the boss's generosity, she said, 'What do you mean, generous? If he knew you were worth that much to him, he should have paid it to you before he had to.' So I quit and took the new job.

"Because one night she woke me up and said, 'I think I'd better go.' We went, and the last I saw of her that night, she was being trundled down a long corridor in a wheelchair, in spite of her protests that she could walk. When I saw her the next morning, she was lying very still and white and with the sweetish smell of ether on her breath. A nurse came in and asked, 'Wouldn't you like to see him?' But I wasn't interested in babies just then—not even our own.

"Because one autumn evening, while we were driving leisurely along a country road, we came upon a small white cottage, its windows ablaze with the light of the setting sun. She said, 'What a place this would be for us!' Yes, what a place it has been for us!

"It's because of these memories, and many others that I wouldn't tell you and that wouldn't interest you even if I did, that I bought life insurance.

"And if the premiums could be paid in blood, instead of money, pernicious anemia would be a pleasure."

• • •

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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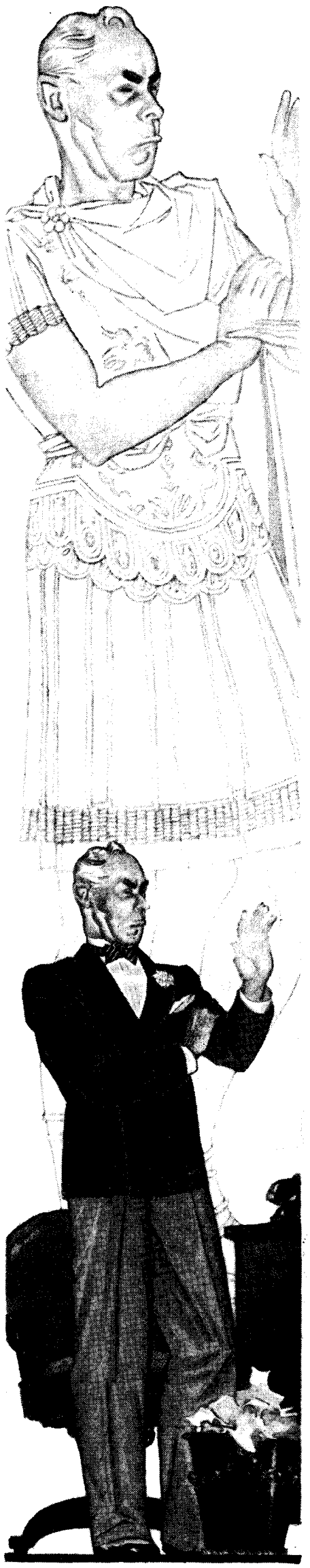

The Girl Who Got There

By James Hilton

A Hollywood success story, featuring the great Mr. Halliday and two young employees who are still gasping

LISTEN, boys . . . I'm Julius Caesar. When you come in, I'm busy. You're kind of breathless, agitated—you've been riding all night—you rush up and say: 'Your Majesty, the army's in revolt. . . .' No . . . maybe you hand me a paper and I read it and *I* say: 'The army's in revolt. . . .'

"Then you bow and walk backward out of the room. Then Betty comes in and starts her stuff, but I'm not in the mood—I push her off and say: 'Don't bother me, can't you see I got affairs of state to attend to?' . . . Just a minute. . . . Hello . . . that you, Freddie? . . . Yes . . . yes, I see. . . . The dauphin's the little fellow, isn't he? . . . Well, now, listen, Freddie. . . . I'm Joan of Arc and I tell you I'm going to lead your armies to victory. . . . What's your reaction? That's what you've got to ask yourself. . . .

"Why, of course, you just think I'm nuts—you laugh . . . you *laugh* . . . Gee! how you laugh . . . so there you are—you've got your scene—it's pure comedy. . . . Okay, then, go ahead, and don't forget the little bit between Molly and the Earl of Warwick. . . . Goo'by. . . . Now, boys, sorry for the interruption. Where were we? . . . Oh, yes, I push her off and she falls on her knees and says: 'To hell with the army—I love you, Julius. . . .' In other words, of course. Get the idea?"

If you had overheard all this through an open window in any other part of the world, you would probably have wondered why the window was open and why there were not bars across it instead of screens. But as the window was that of Mr. Halliday's office in the producers' building of Suprematone Pictures Corporation in Hollywood, you would doubtless realize that Mr. Halliday was holding a story conference.

Mr. Halliday was nothing if not modest. (His enemies said he was nothing.) At any rate, he admitted his own deficiencies, and that was something. "Boys," he would say to his writing teams, "I can't write dialogue—that's *your* job. . . . Funny thing you can and I can't, isn't it? . . . But I do understand human nature. And why? Because I *believe* in human nature. And I know how those fellows in history felt because I know how I'd feel if I was in their place. . . . That's what you've got to

"Oh, yes, I push her off and she falls on her knees and says: 'To hell with the army—I love you, Julius. . . .' In other words, of course. Get the idea?"

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ask yourselves, boys. Maybe they dressed different, maybe they talked different, but their feelings . . . *that's* what makes the picture. Take Caesar, for instance. . . . When a man's building an empire, he puts his job first and women second."

That certainly was true of Mr. Halliday. He put his job first, women second, and his wife third.

Not that Mr. Halliday was really a bad sort. He was, in fact, a type of film producer rapidly becoming extinct—to the lasting loss, at any rate, of the more picturesque side of Hollywood life. Most producers nowadays are quiet-voiced, impeccably accented, and altogether studious-looking men who might, on the Century, be mistaken for judges, Harvard graduates, or the Joko-Slithuanian minister. But Mr. Halliday ran small risk of any such error. He looked, and was a colorful—not merely a technicolorful—personality.

AS FOR his affairs, they were very mild, very numerous, and very fleeting. His wife was a bit of a snob and had been out of love with him for a quarter of a century. His interest in magazine-cover girls was eighty-five per cent paternal, and the other fifteen per cent was easily balanced by what they felt for him, for he was generous, good-hearted, good company, and at fifty-seven much more attractive (as a result of sun baths and daily massages) than he had ever been before. He was, as most women (except his wife) said, rather a darling. And if he did, out of pure kindness, give out a lot of minor movie contracts to pretty girls, why worry? Occasionally it was discovered that one or the other of them possessed real acting ability. Less occasionally they even blossomed out into stars.

But the chief point about Mr. Halliday (and this, you really must agree, is what matters) is that he kept on making thundering good pictures. Heaven knows how he did it, but he did. Sometimes he made several good pictures at once.

It must be admitted, too, that Mr. Halliday worked hard. There was no nonsense about him in his office, or on the sets, or in his projection room. The sole concession to private pleasure that he made during story conferences was to refer to the ladies always by their own names, whereas to the men he would give the names of the characters they portrayed. Maybe you have noticed this already.

AMONG the people who considered Mr. Halliday not such a bad sort were two of his writers: Jeffrey Carver and Bill Kent. Mr. Halliday could never remember the name Carver and always called him Davenport; but this did not greatly matter, since he usually called both of them "boys." Bill had been a newspaper reporter in Georgia; Jeffrey had composed cigarette ads in New York until it had been discovered that other people could do it far better. His ambition was to write a novel.

Bill, on the other hand, had an itch for seafaring and spent every week end pottering up and down the coast on his yacht. (It was only a very small yacht.) Hollywood is full of people who would rather be doing something else, but who keep on doing the same thing because it is hard to give up seven hundred a week. Well, not quite seven hundred. There was seventy to the agent and various deductions for this and that, to say nothing of state and federal income tax—maybe it came to four-fifty net. Bill had often said to Jeffrey during lunch in the studio commissary: "I'll give up when I've saved five thousand—I'll tell Halliday I'm through—then I'll sail away . . . to the South Seas . . . Tahiti . . . the Marquesas . . . you ought to come with me—you could write your novel there. . . ."

Jeffrey had always said that he would, as soon as he had saved *ten* thousand. He was twice as cautious as Bill.

There came a day when they had both saved enough, but it was in the middle of a picture job, and by the time the script was finished Bill had bought stocks and Jeffrey had married and it was already clear that the market and Myrtle were equal disappointments.

The boys did not immediately admit this to each other. They said: "Well, if Halliday wants us to do another job I suppose we'll have to. Can't very well let him down. He's not such a bad sort. . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

"I've been looking over a few bills, Myrtle," Jeffrey began mildly

AND so it had gone on, this writing of script after script—throughout the Great Depression, and the Small Recovery, and until the Great Disillusionment. One of the features of this disillusionment was a sudden decision by the public that they need not go to cinemas unless they liked the pictures, and this amazing exhibition of independence, becoming known to Hollywood during the latter half of 1938, had staggered everybody, including Mr. Halliday. "Boys," he had said, "the public's tired of triviality, tired of froth and nonsense, tired of little stories about little people. What it wants is big stories about big people. Big-brained people, big-hearted people. That's why I've hit on a grand idea—a *hell* of a grand idea. . . . Listen, boys. . . . *A strong man in love.* What d'ye think of that? Is there any more terrific theme in the world? And if you admit that there isn't, can you think of any character in history or fiction stronger than Caesar?"

"Tarzan," whispered Bill to Jeffrey, but Mr. Halliday, who was slightly deaf, did not heed the interruption.

"Of course you can't. . . . Caesar's the personification of—no, not personification—what's the word I want, Davenport?—you know the word I want—"

"Archetype," said Jeffrey.

"Apotheosis," said Bill.

"Personification," corrected Mr. Halliday. "He's the personification of the strong man everywhere—in war, in politics, in business. . . ." And at the mention of the word "business" Mr. Halliday pressed the buzzer by his desk and spoke into the machine: "Blaines, bring in those books I sent for, will *you*?"

There were about sixty of them, and when they were neatly stacked in three piles on the floor, Mr. Halliday patted them affectionately. "Take 'em away and read 'em, boys. You'll find the whole story's here. . . . Get to work on it. Human emotion, that's what I want. Feel it yourselves—then write it. . . . Gee, if only *I* could write. . . ."

People who cannot write almost always assume that if they could they would write masterpieces. This assumption is hardly warranted by the fact that so many people who *can* write do not write masterpieces.

ALL this had been at the beginning of the Caesar picture. After the first hammering out of a script there had been two entire revisions and a period of six weeks during which Bill and Jeffrey were loaned out to help another writer who had hopelessly entangled himself in the plot of a new musical called Darling, Be Mine. When they finally went back to Caesar, they found they were a little bored with Caesar. It was also very hot weather. The hotter it got the more bored they got, and the more bored they got the more Mr. Halliday told them what they had to ask themselves.

"What we've got to ask ourselves," said Bill desperately one day, "is why the hell we hang on at this job when we'd

(Continued on page 44)

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Money Player

By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

They wondered why Tommy Killgrain showed no emotion when he took the Open at Wonderly. The reasons are several, and go deep. One of them was a girl

HE SEEMED small for a champion. Small and dark and deeply tanned. There were lines around his eyes and he squinted just a little—you learn that following the white flight of a ball into the sun. He spoke but seldom. He smoked too much when the pressure came, and smiled rarely. There were those who would tell you he had no color, no nerves.

They had watched the finish, that day at Wonderly, caught in a cathedral hush. Carefully, deliberately, he had lined up the ball. Then hard across twenty feet of glassy turf he had stroked his ball. Playing the thin chance, hitting it cleanly, strongly, against the swollen rise of the green that must turn its course, curving, toward the cup. That, when he knew even the great had failed to win with putts longer than five feet. When he knew that in the trying he had thrown away all chance of a tie—for to miss on that sloping green meant a thirty-foot putt coming back.

A reporter put his lead sentence into words as the ball dropped: "The champion! Tommy Killgrain, the guy who makes his points the hard way." And then laughter and talk swelled up from the gallery.

The crowd swept Tommy Killgrain along, and it was an hour before he reached the locker room. Paul Fenton was waiting there—a thin, gray man who wore his sixty years as lightly, as carelessly, as he wore his perfect clothes.

"I brought your contract, Tommy."

"Thank you, sir. I can be there in a week."

"Good." Paul Fenton caught Tommy Killgrain's hand in a quick, firm grasp. "We need a champion at Whitewood. We're soft with dry rot down there, and it's hard on the young ones. Call it an old man's whim, Tommy, but you've got two months before we can get into production. What better way to use that time?" He inclined his fine gray head. "And then—Whitewood might help you."

"Thank you, sir."

"My name is Paul." Fenton's eyes were grave. "I wish you'd remember that, Tommy."

He was gone then, and Tommy Killgrain was quite alone in the noisy crowd that cluttered the big room. Someone offered him a drink, and a reporter plucked at his arm to ask questions he didn't hear. . . .

Whitewood. Funny how things were tangled across the years—faces and names and smooth turf, solid beneath your feet. Greens that were as fast as quicksilver, and traps that yawned wide on deep white sand. The sixteenth, where Harry Belaire had cracked—in the National—and put four in the river.

THE bright memory of that day had never dimmed. He had watched, with the bitterness of the moment thick in his throat, as a great golfer wilted under the strain to become a fumbling old man. And when some unthinking fool had laughed he had known the hurt, as Belaire must have known it, for he had carried Belaire's bag all the long way to the finals.

They had walked back alone—for the crowd trailed the champion—and Belaire had talked, softly, as though it hadn't mattered at all:

"That's golf, kid. That's waiting for you if you go on wanting to be a pro. You—hell, you'll play money golf if it's in you, but remember this: never laugh when you win and you won't have to cry when you lose."

Tommy Killgrain had never forgotten. And now those words and all the old memories were alive in him through the days before he drove north over roads he knew as he knew the palm of his own brown hand.

There was a place where the road widened, just at the crest of the hill, and he stopped his roadster there. The course was green below him. Beyond that lay the river, not silver as he had expected, but a kind of dusky gray. And the hills, climbing steeply from its far bank, were a lighter, lifeless gray—burned so by the summer sun.

Tommy Killgrain wondered, then, why you picture a country as it can be only in the spring. And why, when you have trained yourself to hide every thought, you cannot escape remembering. And why the sight of a white clubhouse, small and far below, should bring two faces swimming up from the depth of your mind. . . .

HE SAW her on Sunday. She came into the caddie house, laughing back at the big man in her wake. Only her voice and the reddish lights in her hair were strange, for he had seen her picture in many society sections. The rest was as he had known it would be—her smile, her eyes, and the warm clasp of her hand.

"Tommy Killgrain," she said. "Do you remember me?"

He didn't smile in answer, and the shadow of the man behind her fell between them. "You're Jean Drake," he said quietly. "We used to fight to carry your bag. It was light and you always tipped a dime."

Laughter pulled at her lips, and her teeth shone white in the good tan of her face. "You do remember. I followed the play in the papers, Tommy, and you shot sweet golf. That cup will look good on your mantel. Congratulations."

"Sweet golf," the big man said, "and not luck at all. He's got magic in his putter and he lives right. Tommy's a champ, and he doesn't need luck."

"Leslie Jordan, isn't it?" Tommy Killgrain knew in that instant that nothing had changed. Leslie Jordan was laughing at him, just as he always had, and the years had given him no defense.

Leslie Jordan said, "So you have to be beautiful to be remembered?" He was big and blond and sure. His hair was a crisp near-yellow. His sleeveless sweater carried a block letter and an oar, but he was thicker around the waist than he should have been—a crew man gone to seed. His lips were long, and he smiled too often to mean it.

"My woods are bad," Jean Drake said quickly. "I came in to see about some lessons, Tommy. Will Tuesday at nine be all right?"

"Of course."

"Jean's got to have the best. I've got the Northwest Amateur and I've held the course record here for years, but that doesn't make me good enough." Leslie Jordan laughed. "Say, Jean, you weren't so swell when Tommy lugged your bag. You were a leggy kid with freckles and braids and a snub nose. You were a mess, darling. Tommy must've had a good eye for the future."

Jean Drake said, "We're late, Les, we've—"

"He wouldn't be remembering the ten-cent tips," Jordan said. "No, a champ isn't that kind of a guy."

Tommy Killgrain didn't speak, didn't move. All the good, smooth words were gone, and he wanted only to lash out with his hands, to feel the bone of Jordan's face under his fists.

And then the moment was gone, for a little man, bald and smiling, opened the door to say, "Come on, you two."

Jean Drake said, "Till Tuesday, then," and Leslie

Carefully, deliberately, he had lined up the ball

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His clear voice struck through the quiet: "Killgrain, you're a damned cheat!"

Jordan grinned derisively back from the door, his voice loud and edged with laughter:

"So long, Champ."

The old anger was alive in Tommy Killgrain, crawling in the flat muscles of his back, stiffening his hands. He hated Jordan's easy smile, his bulk, his sharp voice. And he was weak with that hate, sick with it.

Jean Drake *had* been leggy—a grave and quiet girl who wore braids. And she'd listened, always, with her head tipped to one side, a trick that gave her an intentness odd in one only sixteen. He'd carried her bag whenever she played that summer.

THEIR friendship had been natural and easy. She'd asked him to play with her, and he had—on those holes the pro couldn't see from the caddie house. And then, on that long-ago September day, she'd asked him to her birthday party.

Leslie Jordan had met him at the gate; had hooted at the sight of the present he carried—brave in white tissue and a scrap of blue ribbon. And others had come, grinning, to cluster behind Leslie Jordan and watch.

"You can't come in here," Leslie Jordan had said. "Any kid knows you got to dress up to go to a party. You aren't dressed up—you wear those clothes to caddie in."

Tommy Killgrain had turned away, his face burning. A step, and laughter swelled up behind him. He ran then, blindly, to escape that sound.

Somehow he passed the endless hours until dusk; he planned a careful story. He didn't look at his mother's face as he described games he'd never seen, food he'd never tasted. The gentle weight of her hand upon his shoulder stopped his rush of words, and he looked up into eyes that were tender and understanding, and held a pain as deep as his own.

"Tommy! What have they done to you?"

"Mom, I didn't go to the party. I hid the present in a culvert and stayed on the river bank because I didn't want you to know."

She smiled and smoothed his hair. "You couldn't hide it, son; you've never learned to lie. Come, sit here." And then she had talked to him.

"You've got to take it as it comes, Tommy," she had said. "You've got to stand up straight. This couldn't have happened if your father were alive. But we can't change that, and it would be easier if you stayed with people who have no more than we have. You'll learn that clothes and money don't matter to real folks, and—"

"But, Mom, I—"

"Nothing matters but you, and what's inside you. You're a Killgrain, remember that. And you can have anything you want out of life, if you want it badly enough."

Those words were warm inside him through the months till the day he found Leslie Jordan waiting for him back of the schoolhouse. Leslie Jordan laughed, again, and trapped him in a net of words that rubbed raw the memory of the party. He tried to stop that laughter with his fists. Tried and failed—for Jordan had planned that too—and it ended only when he could no longer rise.

Tommy Killgrain stumbled home, biting back angry tears. "I had to fight him, Mom. An' you were wrong. I wanted to whip him worse than anything."

"I know, son," she said softly. "You fought, and now it's over. If you'd run it would have been with you always." She brought a basin of warm water and a cool cloth for his swollen eye.

"But, Mom, you said I could have anything I—"

HER voice was as gentle as her hands: "You can, son, but not in a day. You've got to work for what you want. You've got to work and go on working. That's why you've all the years ahead of you."

Tommy Killgrain went on caddying, a slender, unsmiling boy, who used the time between jobs to practice endlessly. Time gave him weight, a smooth timing, and wrists that could bring a club head flashing through a shot.

He had won the caddie championship at seventeen, the city championship a year later. His mother had been in that gallery—a thin, pale woman whose proud eyes couldn't entirely hide the pain that came from within. They had talked long that night.

"You'll be all right now, Tommy. You're a man and you'll meet nothing you can't beat. Remember that, son."

She had gone from him with the night, gently and in her sleep, slipping away from her worn body. There had been a smile upon her lips when Tommy came to wake her.

That day Tommy Killgrain turned professional. Eight years later he was at *(Continued on page 51)*

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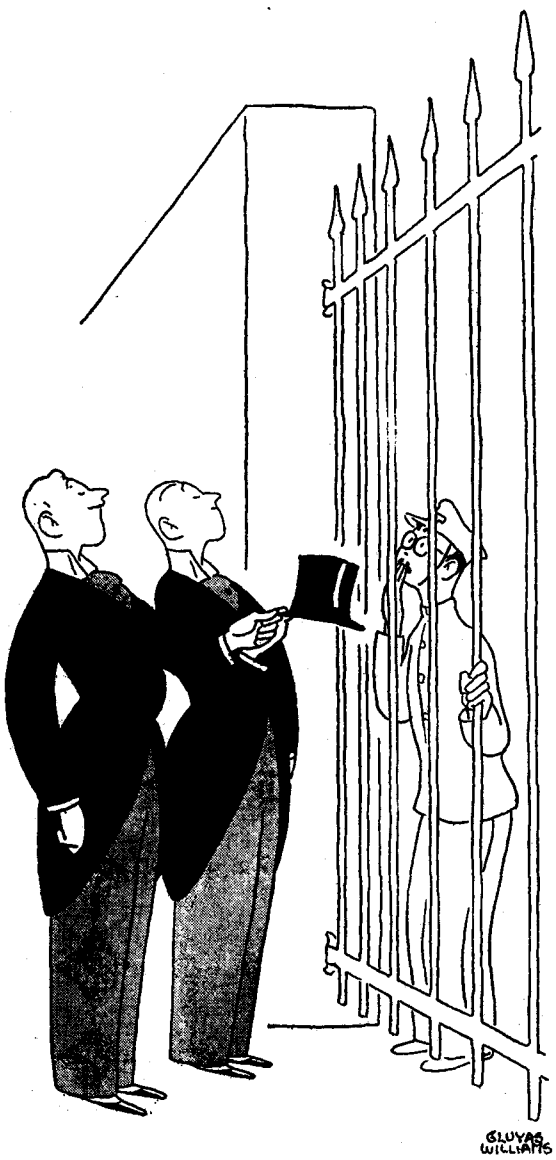
Between the Lines

By W. B. Courtney

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Notes at random from the letters and cablegrams of Collier's footloose correspondent in the Orient



Two visitors and one hat baffle the gendarmes

Scrap-iron prices have ruined national honesty

INTERNATIONAL amity note: Construction of certain small buildings in preparation for the Olympics and the World's Exposition—which also will be canceled—had already begun. Steel recovered from buildings destroyed by Japanese air bombs and artillery shells in the capture of Shanghai and Tientsin was fetched here and used for them.

JAPANESE, notably, have bad eyes and bad teeth. Even if you are not familiar with the international health statistics issued in Geneva, which definitely prove this, a walk along city or village streets, even country roads will convince you that per capita use of spectacles and of gold fillings is greater in Japan than in any other country on earth. Your impression is the national debt might very nearly be liquidated by extraction! The former is due to the punishing curriculum of Japanese schools, where the whole burden is laid upon memory; the exact repetition of the book wording, not the gist. Consequently, Japanese students have to read incessantly: herein two factors attack their eyesight. Light, in day hours in Japanese homes, does not come through open or glazed windows; but through myriad little squares of opaque rice paper. On the sunniest days, the inside of a Japanese home is twilight gray. At night, the cheap Japanese electric bulbs give a yellowish, inferior light.

The bad teeth, of course, are from deficiencies in the national diet. More than 90 per cent of Japanese, it is estimated, live exclusively on boiled rice, raw fish, pickles, hot tea. Nothing "hard" or "chewy." An elderly Japanese peasant with teeth is a rare sight.

WARTIME restrictions on gold and other metals unearthed a fantasia. On the crowded islands of Nippon, cremation is the general practice. About 100 employees of nine large crematories, in Tokyo and near-by prefectures, were secretly arrested lately. The wartime check on gold sources brought them to book. Investigation by police of a 2,500-yen sale to a bullion merchant opened a trail to this gang, and a disclosure that in the past few years it has swiped 500,000 yen worth of gold tooth fillings from ashes of the dead before handing them to relatives. The gendarmes predict a nation-wide checkup will reveal a racket involving millions of yen. The matter is getting no publicity, because it is feared the people will be dangerously touchy about graft in ashes—these days of long trains and thousands of boxes home from the Front.

THE INLAND SEA is the Dardanelles of the Far East—heavily fortified, zealously guarded. Shooting is too good for you if you are caught with a camera anywhere near its thousands of miles of shore line. It is the great strategic weakness of the Japanese Archipelago, because it provides a wide throat directly to the industrial heart of the empire. Guns are thick as pig bristles around its three major entrances, which, in addition, can be impassably mined on an hour's notice. Moreover, its channels are as tortuous as they are treacherous; and there are no charts available to foreign seamen. It is Japan's biggest secret.

Yet the Gilbert and Sullivan features of such mystery and furtiveness were laughably demonstrated by the American Navy.

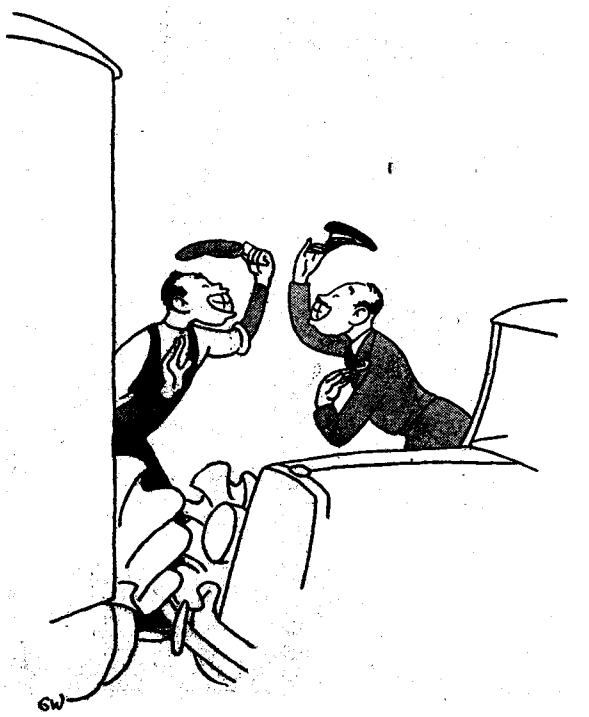
When the great earthquake and fire disaster of 1923 smote Tokyo and eastern Japan, a flotilla of destroyers from the United States Navy's Asiatic fleet was first across from China with succor. They knifed through the narrow passage between Moji and Shimonoseki, and, not stopping for pilots in those days of tragedy and confusion, made a run in bad weather up the Inland Sea to Kobe which set a record for speed and navigation that has never been equaled.

SEWER COVERS are being wired down, decorative iron fences replaced by wood lath or bamboo, and the handrails in the toilet rooms of trains—a necessary convenience, indeed, in Japan where the curves are so frequent and the roadbeds so rough—unscrewed in favor of iron grips. All because the stealing of metal has become a problem too serious for the police to combat. "National honesty has collapsed in the face of current prices for scrap iron," the indignant gendarmes announced. Organized gangs, using motorboats and trucks, overlook nothing that clinks when you rap it with a screw driver. A train will start from Kyoto, and reach Yokohama with its second- and third-class stripped of cuspidors, doorknobs, baggage racks, water-closet treadles and basin handles. The cuspidors bring 5½ yen, the toilet-room handrails 4 yen, the doorknobs 70 sen. Thousands of the manhole covers that find their way into the yards of Japanese iron dealers were stolen in America, the police say.

THERE ARE few tourists in Japan these days; the Empress of Britain, the Franconia, and other big round-the-world cruise ships usually aim to call here in Cherry Blossom time, but this year they made Hongkong and Manila and then headed for Hawaii, and the manager of the Japan Tourist Bureau told me his ticket racks have cobwebs. In the course of a two- or three-day visit to big cities tourists might encounter signs of the war only by accident. Troops leave Tokyo at night, and then not from the Central Station; the schedules of hospital trains, also, are fixed to get them in and unloaded after dark.

But if you live here you know—not only in the tremendous jump in the cost of living, the growing surliness of the populace toward foreigners, the times you catch your room boy-san going through your papers, the letters from home you receive with flaps crumpled, moist, and smelling of fresh rice paste. You know it especially in the difficulty of conducting business of any sort with Japanese, private or official.

WHILE schooling is compulsory for Japanese residents in their overseas possessions, it is not for Koreans, Formosans, Manchukuoans, and Chinese. Limited facilities are provided, separately, for these "natives," while the Japanese facilities are equal, in abundance and equipment, to those in Japan proper. The Japanese ambassador to Manchukuo told me: "We are not going to make the same mistake you made in the Philippines—provide wholesale education for the masses. We are *(Continued on page 26)*



Even the taxicab and truck drivers are polite

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Escape to Hollywood

By Kyle Crichton

Miss Kiesler of Vienna once acted in a movie called Ecstasy and thereafter found life in a castle dull. Her name is now Hedy Lamarr—and there is nothing whatever to connect her with dullness

THEY laughed when I sat down at the piano and sneered a bit when I started to play, but when I finished and rested my elbows on the black keys and began telling them of my visit with Hedy Lamarr—men swooned with envy all over the precinct.

Not only have I called on Hedy Lamarr, dear friends and neighbors, but I have come forth unscathed. My eyebrows are unsinged and anyone who says that he can smell the odor of burnt flesh about me is merely kicking the truth around for his own evil purposes. It is also untrue that the asphalt in the street before Miss Lamarr's house has buckled up and is lying in a steaming caldron, a menace to all who pass by.

Nothing so hot as Hedy Lamarr has appeared in America since Theda Bara spent the week end at Yuma, Arizona, in July, 1916, and it may be comforting to have my report that it is possible to approach within hailing distance of the lady without suffering the fate of the damned. In truth, even after her success in Walter Wanger's Algiers, she turned out to be a sensible person, living in the smallest bungalow this witness has ever encountered in Beverly Hills. As a bit of consolation for the women of these United States, I may say that Miss Lamarr is extremely tall and has a figure that could be better. She is rather large of limb and has somewhat too much in the rear and somewhat not enough in the front . . . But the face! Let us have no more discussion from this point on; the girl has it and we may as well admit it.

Miss Hedy Lamarr, who followed her reputation to Hollywood and cinched things for herself when her Algiers hit the box office

As has probably been hinted elsewhere, Hedy Lamarr is the former Hedy Kiesler of Vienna, she who played the lead in a picture called Ecstasy. There's no dodging that issue; it's bound to come up. To get away from it as much as possible, M-G-M changed the Kiesler to Lamarr. The people who exhibit Ecstasy were just as accommodating; they changed the name to Lamarr also. It is now Ecstasy with Hedy Lamarr. You can't beat the movie people for resourcefulness.

When Hedy was fifteen she was nothing other than the daughter of Gertrude and Emil Kiesler, a banker of Vienna. Then she played a little trick on Papa and Mamma. They had a custom in the private school where she attended of signing tickets that recorded the absence from school of the little ones. The parents signed the slips for each hour of absence. Do you know what that vixen Hedy did? She added a zero to the numeral one, thus giving her ten hours out of school.

"Hooky, no?" says Hedy, pleased to this day with her deception.

That *Ecstasy* Business

There was method about it, however. She went over to the Sascha studios and got a job as a script clerk. By rigging up the absence report at school, she went to work. Then guess what happened! Somebody must have told you. All right, she heard there was an actress wanted for a secretarial part and she applied and her career was launched. The picture was called Storm in a Water Glass.

This pleased Papa and Mamma, so she went on to do a few others. Then came Ecstasy. When they got out there on location, they broke the news to Hedy. There would be a few scenes where she would appear naked. Did Hedy scream when she heard this! Did she carry on! But they were firm about it. She had signed a contract, and if she backed out now they'd make her pay the whole cost of the picture and see that she was blackballed from the industry.

As one Hollywood writer has since put it: "What could she do? What would *you* have done? Just what she did. What weapon has a 16-year-old girl to fight against such odds?"

That's practically the whole story of Ecstasy except that she quit the films *after that*, went on the stage and was doing Queen Elizabeth when a gentleman named Fritz Mandl began sending her flowers backstage. But Hedy paid no attention.

"Everybody sends flowers to the dressing rooms of actresses," she explains.

But Fritz was not to be put off. He called on Hedy's mother and said he wanted to meet Hedy. Since Herr Mandl was the munitions king of Austria and a figure of great importance in diplomatic and financial circles, the Kiesler family was flattered and Hedy was pleased.

(Continued on page 46)

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A hand was on his shoulder, wrenching him around, and a husky voice was rumbling. "For murder," ended the voice

In the Shade

By Stewart Robertson

MR. BLEECKER came softly down the stairs, feeling quietly proud that he did not seem to be in the least bit nervous, and assuring himself that everything would run as usual on this farewell morning. There must, above all, be no appearance of haste. Rounding into the lower hall, he noted that the electric clock registered seven-twenty instead of the customary quarter past, and he frowned a trifle at his tardiness before he allowed himself to think of the reason for those extra five minutes.

But first he walked briskly into the dining room and gave the window shades his customary jerk that sent them flying up to the rollers with a resounding slap. There was a crisp finality to the sound that Mr. Bleecker liked, and, coupled with the warm morning sunshine, it seemed to mark the end of certain things and the highway to escape. And escape was very necessary, for his wife lay sprawled upstairs in the graceless unconcern of death with a bullet in her brain.

He stepped through his tidy kitchen onto the back porch of his little house, reached for the milk and the newspaper, glimpsing as he did so the flutter of a print dress disappearing through the doorway of the next porch to the east. He wished that he had been in time to catch Mrs. McLean, and then suddenly her cheery pink face looked out at him.

"Why, you're late!" she exclaimed, as though mentioning a phenomenon.

"Overslept, I'm afraid," Mr. Bleecker assured her, and went back into the house. At seven-thirty-five he was munching breakfast and gazing bemusedly as always at the rich tints of the dining-room rug enlivened by the sunlight. It was a gorgeous rug, seemingly as colorful as when he had bought it over the economical protests of his wife. Mr. Bleecker shifted his slaty eyes to the watch propped against the sugar bowl before him. Twenty minutes to go; he must stick it out.

Precisely at eight he would close the front door behind him, and people would still be able to remark that you could set your watch by Mr. Bleecker. Out at eight, back at six-thirty, with several other such well-scheduled stops spacing the business day, and now—forever out! Away from twenty years of being hampered by a semi-invalid who had long ago forfeited his short-lived pity; away from cursed economy and complaints—but no, she had never been one to complain; her warped idea of loyalty had prevented that. Just how she had endured his complaints so long was something that Mr. Bleecker had never been able to figure out . . . but it was time to clean up. He rinsed the few dishes and swept the infinitesimal kitchen dust out across the porch into its receptacle, and, as he expected, Mrs. McLean was sweeping hers.

"What a system!" she said admiringly. "You have your whole life on a blueprint, don't you, Mr. Bleecker?"

"Well," said Mr. Bleecker, "someone has to have a system around here."

"How's the wife?" Mrs. McLean asked.

"Sleeping till noon, as usual," remarked Mr. Bleecker without a tremor. "You know how she is."

Mrs. McLean regarded him with what seemed sympathy. "Indeed I do," she said vigorously.

Mr. Bleecker wished her good morning, went in for his hat, and left the house.

Neat, gray-templed and fiftyish, he strolled down the sun-and-shade-dappled reaches of Maple Avenue, bowing sedately to the same neighbors who were doing the same things in the same places every morning. Mr. Bleecker plumed himself upon his exit. Under cover of the cloak of habit a man could tread the corridor leading to oblivion until he arrived at the vanishing point—in his case the glittering shuttle of life in South American cities.

HE HALTED at the corner of Green Street at 8:07 and boarded the 8:10 bus. Money was all that he carried, but he regretted nothing except, perhaps, that lambent rug. Half an hour later he let himself into his office.

There was no need for hurry, since the plane for New Orleans did not take off until eleven, but there was most urgent need to take refuge behind the bulwarks of habit; therefore Mr. Bleecker made a rite of dictating letters to his secretary. Glancing obliquely at the truth, he feared the panic that might engulf him if he wavered from routine. . . .

The plane was throbbing sleekly in the sun as he came to the airport, and he marched purposefully toward it. Four hours to New Orleans and . . . Shadows lengthened on the ground beside him, growing ominously bulky as he neared the liner, and then Mr. Bleecker felt the warm current of his life suddenly run cold. A hand was on his shoulder, wrenching him around, and a husky voice was rumbling.

"For murder," ended the voice.

Mr. Bleecker scarcely heard it. He rode back to town and listened dully to the denunciation of the district attorney. Nothing mattered now. Nothing was of any importance save that he could not understand. . . .

"Well?" rasped the district attorney.

"I did it," admitted Mr. Bleecker without remorse, but feeling an overpowering despair. "I did it, but will you kindly tell me how—"

"It was your next-door neighbor. Your house looked a bit out of character to her this morning and, after thinking it over a while, she tried ringing the doorbell and calling on the telephone. No answer at all. So she called the police, figuring that something was wrong."

"But why?" persisted Mr. Bleecker wildly. "What made her think that?"

"It was the window shades in your dining room," said the district attorney. "You're in the habit of leaving the house every morning at eight o'clock. Right? Well, at eight-fifteen your wife used to slip downstairs and lower those shades to keep the rug from fading."

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What's Wrong with Roosevelt

By Congressman Bruce Barton

No matter who is nominated by the Democrats in 1940, the Republicans must beat Roosevelt. What have they got to say about him? We asked Bruce Barton. Besides running hard for re-election to Congress from his New York City district, Bruce Barton has been vocal elsewhere as a keynoter and as a younger Republican prophet. In telling what he believes to be wrong with Mr. Roosevelt he speaks his own mind

The President and his devoted friend, adviser and secretary, the late Colonel Louis McHenry Howe

HE HAD been an extravagant governor of New York. But no one questioned his courage, nor his genuine sympathy for the underdog. He burst upon the eyes of the nation like a shining knight, with magic in his voice and smile, an inspiration in the unspoken evidence of his own conquest over physical disaster. Men and women cheered him when he threw back his fine head and exclaimed:

"I accuse the present (Hoover) Administration of being the greatest spending Administration in peace times in our history . . . it is an administration that has piled bureau on bureau, commission on commission . . . bureaus and bureaucrats, commissions and commissioners, have been retained at the expense of the taxpayer."

And:

"I shall approach the problem of carrying out the plain precept of our party, which is to reduce the cost of current federal government operations by twenty-five per cent."

Franklin Roosevelt was pretty much all right in 1932, and there was certainly nothing the matter with him on March 4, 1933. Terrified and desperate people bent their ears to the radio to hear his vibrant voice proclaiming: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." I remember how the members of our entire office staff quit work to listen to that speech, and were thrilled to the finger tips. The Almighty had raised up for America again a Man in her hour of need.

Partaking of his faith and seemingly exhaustless energy, Congress leaped from one constructive action to another. Securities moved up; business lifted its battered head; people began to go back to work.

A little while later the arbitrary cancellation of the air-mail contracts and the orders to the Army to fly the mail, resulting as they did in the death of twelve Army fliers, sent a first shiver through the country. Some folks began to wonder whether this President was perhaps too impulsive. The legislation granting him power to inflate the currency precipitated an unhealthy boom. Men bought, prices went up, and business had the appearance of progress, but the driving power was not confidence, it was apprehension. There were those who thought that too much was being attempted too fast. They would have liked the President better if he had legislated half as rapidly, organized better, taken sufficient time and thought to consolidate his gains. If you look critically, there is much to question in the first three years, but I am one of those who believe that history will find even more to praise. It *may* be that history will put its finger on a certain definite date as the time when things began to be wrong with Roosevelt. If one date is fixed as a turning point, it probably will be April 18, 1936. On that day died Colonel Louis McHenry Howe.

A Man Who Spoke Plainly

Louis Howe was a strange phenomenon in American politics. A sickly, shrunken, gnomelike creature, he affixed himself to young Roosevelt away back in the New York legislature and from that time forth the two were never separated. It is said that there was an almost superstitious element in the President's attachment to his devoted little companion, as though the political good luck that had begun with his advent would vanish if he were to drop out of the picture. Certain it is that there was a deep affection on both sides. And equally certain, and more important, there was plain speaking such as is seldom heard between a President and any friend. Only Louis Howe could shout: "Don't you see what a mistake it would be?" Only he could pound the desk with his little fist, crying: "Can't you get this through your thick Dutch skull?" He was the voice of conscience and experience. He was the slave who stood at the shoulder of the Roman emperor, whispering, amid the plaudits of the multitude: "Remember, thou too art mortal." He was the Number One *No* man. He died, and there has been no other.

The errors that have since occurred might have happened anyway; no one can tell. But those who are in the best position to judge have the notion that Louis Howe would have fought to the last ditch against the assault upon the Supreme Court; that he would have advised strongly against making a personal issue of the Reorganization Bill, and that the purge that has split the Democratic party would have been undertaken only over his violent protest. Louis Howe had an almost infallible instinct for what people were thinking, what they would like, and what they would resent. Perhaps his influence has been overrated, but certainly it is significant that the political strategy of the first three years of Roosevelt was consummate, and that almost all the major political mistakes have happened since the little colonel died.

Howe was wise, practical, economical, and old-fashioned. It seems hard to believe that he would ever have fallen for the John Maynard Keynes' doctrine that debt is nothing to worry about, and reckless spending is an attribute of sound statesmanship. The $10,000 a year he received as one of the President's secretaries was about the best of all the expenditures the New Deal has made.

The Danger in Too Much Power

When I graduated from college my plan was to become a teacher of history. A fellowship had been made available at a leading university; I was properly enrolled, and had even gone so far as to select the subject for my thesis. I proposed to research and write on The Psychology of Power. It is still a good subject, and perhaps some young reader of this piece will adopt it and do the requisite study and writing. Such a study will show that something seems to happen to the human mind when its owner is endowed with unlimited power, and lives daily in an atmosphere of acquiesence and praise. Nero was a bright young man, pupil of Seneca and white hope of Rome. A few years of the "yes, yes" chorus and he became a raging tyrant. Andrew Jackson reached a

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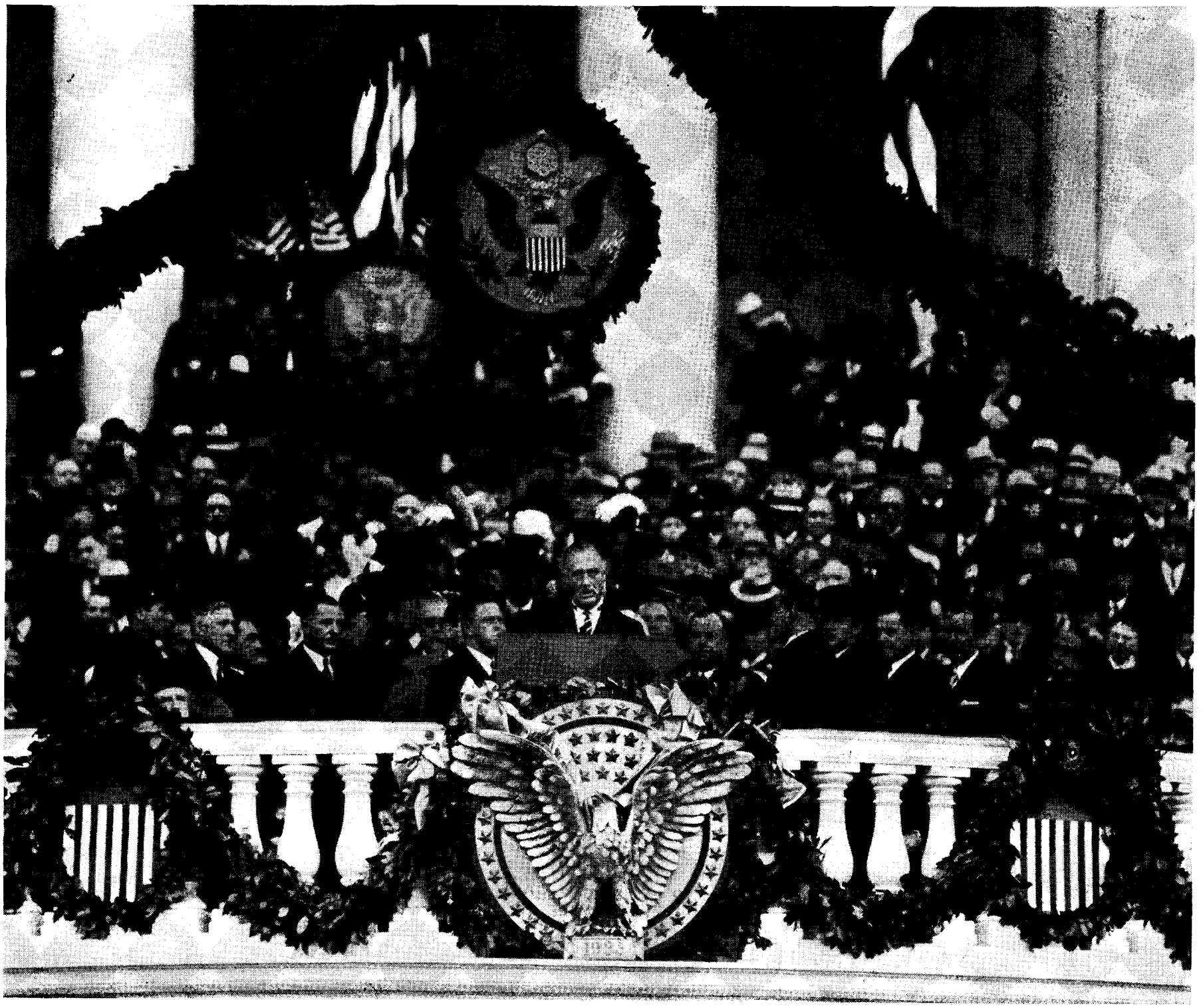

March 4, 1933. "The Almighty had raised up for America again a Man in her hour of need"

PICTURES, INC.

point where he was always right, and any man who dared to question it was undermining the foundations of the Republic. Theodore Roosevelt identified his own success so completely with the safety and prosperity of the United States that he came to regard any critic of himself not as a personal opponent but as a traitor to the country.

People fear power, and the first thing wrong with Franklin Roosevelt is that he has too much. One of the reasons why there is so little confidence, why business is done only by fits and starts, is because he has not given back to Congress any of the powers he asked for temporarily under the plea of "emergency;" nor has he ever admitted publicly any mistake. His greatest triumph and what is perhaps his greatest failure occurred on the same day. On March 4, 1933, he delivered a speech that will rank as one of the notable state documents of all time. And on that same day he appointed a Cabinet in whose ability and judgment he himself has so little confidence that it seems to play almost no part in the formation of his policies. The craving for power is a disease that grows. It is growing in Mr. Roosevelt.

If he had chosen wisely to use his second term to revise and solidify the legislation of the first, most of his troubles, and ours, would have been avoided. But he suffers, as one of his oldest and dearest friends remarked, from an "incurable volatility of mind." It is not in him to rest and modify and revise. This is the common fault of reformers. History shows that most of them have failed as administrators.

Methods Are Important, Too

Idealistically, Washington today is a land of hope: on the administrative side it is paved with those same good intentions that are said to be the pavement of another famous locality. Mr. Roosevelt regards this as of little consequence. Impatiently he brushes aside those who agree with many of his objectives but criticize his methods. Yet the method is often even more vital than the objective; it can completely nullify the objectives. You and I may have the same geographical objective, which is, let us say, to drive from New York to Albany. My method of driving may be to keep on my own side of the road and proceed at thirty-five miles an hour. Yours may be to drive on both sides of the road at ninety miles an hour. My objection is not to your goal, but to the fact, based on much historical experience, that you probably will land yourself and all your passengers in the ditch.

We have had now five and a half years of new ideas, new experiments, new laws, and an expenditure of forty-five billions. To expect that any one of our major problems should have been solved would, perhaps, be asking too much. The problems go deep into the frail spirit of finite human nature. But surely there should have been more emphasis on the importance of administration, some willingness to modify, amend and improve. As things stand today, what New Deal operation is really working well?

Is the agricultural program successful? Every year the expenditures mount, and new hordes of employees are added. Yet the surpluses are greater than ever, and the Department of Agriculture has to ask each new session of Congress for another huge appropriation.

Social Security? The ideal is universally acclaimed, but the huge reserve fund is no reserve at all, only a costly hoax. The tax on pay rolls is a business load contributing definitely to further unemployment. Yet no suggestion improving the provisions of the act has emanated from the White House.

The Evidence Piles Up

The same criticism can properly be made against the Wagner Labor Relations Act. For three years there has been a growing demand on the part of employers, wise labor leaders and the press that the law be amended and made more fair. But there is no Administration response.

The Securities and Exchange Act, while sound in principle, has proved so rigid as to constitute a serious handicap to new investment. No perfecting amendments are proposed.

The railroad problem, which he promised to solve, has grown steadily more acute.

The business recovery in the United States, up to the spring of 1937, was less, proportionately, than in any of the other leading countries of the world; the decline since March, 1937, has been sharper and more costly here than anywhere else.

(Continued on page 47)

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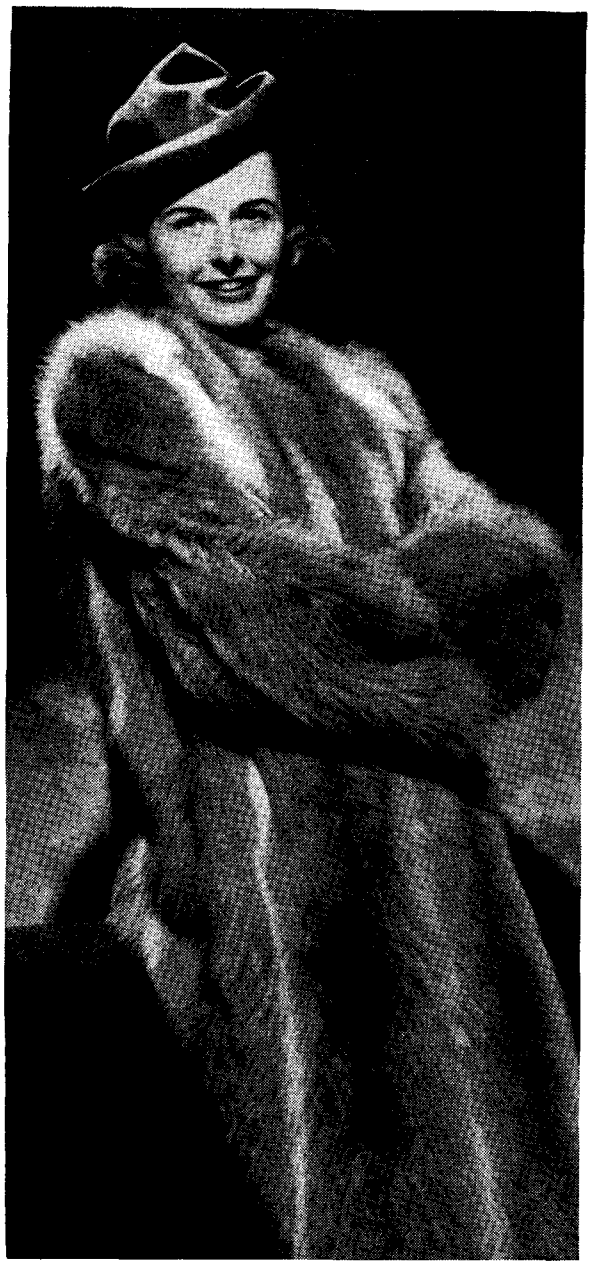
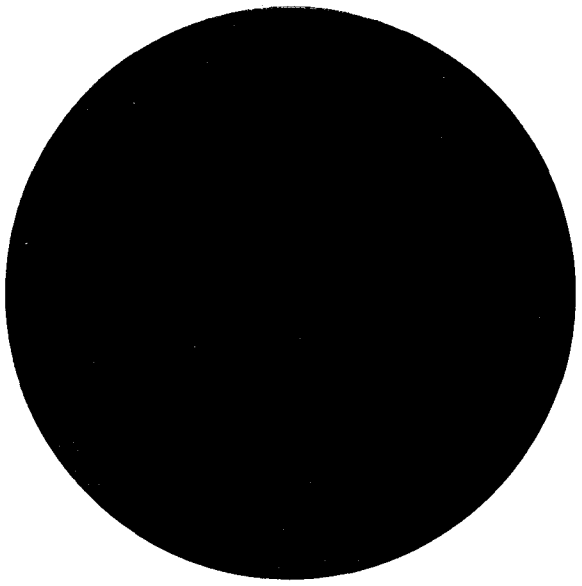


From rug to coat, or the rise of Mongolian cat (above). Below: This caramel-colored fur has white stripes and a funny name, guanaco



COATS—RUSSEKS HATS—LILLY DACHÉ

The fox gives the goat some fashion tips

THE alley cat and the mongrel pup had better hide, for Paris dressmakers may be found prowling in dark basements and, after an encounter with the dye vats, emerging with some strangely tinted new fur upon which the girls jump with little chirrups of joy. Nobody cares about its pedigree, so long as it's gay, flattering—and inexpensive.

This blithe attitude toward furs is quite a change indeed from the sober times when buying a fur coat was a matter for consultation with the family banker, and a lifetime investment for better or for worse. Grandmother bought her Alaska sealskin and wore it forever after. Mother's long fur coat tagged her heels, no matter what fashion did to hem lines; for fur was much too expensive a proposition to follow the vagaries of style.

But today it's fashion first, and if we can't have mink we'll take muskrat. Would rather have it, in fact, if it's good black muskrat, cut and worked like mink—though that will boost the price considerably. It's the workmanship, the increased skill of cutting and working and dyeing, that makes possible the handsome variety in fur coats today, and puts the little novelty fur jacket from the suit department ($59.50, complete with suit) right up on the wanted list with the elegant ermines of the fur department.

Of course the lure of fine furs is as strong as ever, but while the minks and the Persians await with dignity Madam's selection in the salon, all manner of gay young furs are romping out the front door and up the avenue. Never have you seen and coveted such a fetching lot of animals—bears and cats and shiny black dogs, the lambs and the wolves side by side; and beguiling creatures you can't quite recognize, hiding behind odd names like guanaco and zorinos. All are out to flatter you, and are doubly appealing because they won't break the bank.

Frisking at the head of the parade is the once-despised skunk, reveling in his new-found popularity. A hit last year, even more millions of little skunks will be seen in society this year.

The glossy black skunk you knew last year has acquired some cousins this year. There is the reddish brown skunk etched with a white stripe, called zorinos for no better reason than that it comes from South America. Skunk is also dyed the good brown of baum marten, or blue-fox color, in either instance making an effective coat for any hour of the day or night. A new fancy is white-tipped skunk, pencil lines of the long hair, which is usually cut entirely out of the pelt, being sewed between broad strips of the black, to make a fine, frosty stripe. Skunk is a sturdy, long-wearing fur, one of the best buys.

In the same praiseworthy class is Australian opossum, that soft gray fur that, with its flattering ways, has nosed raccoon out of first place in the hearts of college girls. American opossum, a somewhat coarser fur, dyed black in a chunky bolero, has been seen contributing large amounts of dash for the staggering price of $29.95.

These bulky furs have been the forerunners of a whole lot of shaggy pelts, and now the bushier they can make themselves look the better the girls like it. Wolf is a great help in this way. Sling it over your shoulders as you stride through the countryside or climb into a rumble seat and you will look very sporting and chic.

But in selecting that shaggy coat make sure it is exactly right for you. It's all a matter of proportion. If you are a lithe young goddess, you can get away with considerable bulk. And even quite tiny girls have been known to bear up under a bushy coat. But examine yourself from all angles and be sure the coat is not even one inch too long for you—from bolero to hip length are best liked in these bulky furs, and one inch can make all the difference.

Lynx is one of the most becoming of the long-haired, light-colored furs. It looks well in the country over tweeds, and over slim black is as dressed up as you could wish. Cut expertly from the sides of the Russian lynx and worked into a hip-length, boxy jacket as Schiaparelli does it, this whitish fur with indefinite markings can cost you around $400. But using the tawnier blacks of the American animal and sewing large pieces of pelt together to save labor cost, you may trot out in a striking little bolero for under $100 and a longer jacket for under $200.

This remarkable difference in price is caused not only by the choice of pelts and the different portions of them used but by the amount of work involved. What the furriers call dropping out is the process of sewing together narrow strips of pelt in a way to match the fur well and to give the finished product a supple softness and pliability not possible when large pieces of skin are used. But when fashion smiles on chunky jackets to which suppleness is not essential, the furriers will stitch the pelts together for you and pass on the saving.

To continue our roll call: the Mongolian cat, romantically known as snow leopard because its home is in the high snows of the Himalayas, formerly devoted itself entirely to rugs and lap robes, but is now making an appearance in coats, similar to lynx, and costing you around $200. Baby fox will make you a bolero for a little over $100.

Making its tawny way straight to your heart is the guanaco, first cousin of the South American llama, a carmel-colored fur striped with white. A full-length great coat of it, flung about your shoulders as you pause in your ski togs to survey the snowy slopes, will make you feel like queen of the winter—at $200 per. Dyed blue-fox color, it's supplying glamor at from fifty to eighty dollars a bolero.

If you have decided, sadly, that none of these long-haired furs are for you, you may still sally forth in a new fur, one of the wonders of the season. Mouton it is called. Mouton—mutton—sheep. That's right. There are two kinds of lamb: fur lamb, which you know in the form of Persian, caracul, etc., and wool lamb. Shear wool lamb and dye it dark brown, and the glossy, velvety piled fur becomes mouton. Line a full-length box coat of it with brown and white checked wool, attach a fur hood lined with the same, and you have as young, attractive and long-wearing a sports coat as you have seen in many a year, all for the bargain price of about $100.

More and more and more they come: Delicate mole, which takes dye better than any other fur. . . . The Mongolian goat will be over any day now. . . . White Persian, actually white Indian lamb, is practically irresistible in an innocent-looking evening jacket—but keep a respectful distance from your escort's dinner coat, for it sheds from its first night on.

You won't stop at jackets and coats. You'll want a fur hood to wear Eskimo-wise in the country, a little disk of a fur hat for cocktail time to match the muff you'll carry, a tippet, a collarette, a furry purse, as you step out in the fur flurries of 1939.

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"No more hysterics," Betty said. "I don't care what happens now—except I wish they'd hurry back"

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

RETURNING to Morrison University, after a long absence, Susanna Bradford finds her father, President Bradford, under attack by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner has political ambitions. She also meets Alec Cornish, a young instructor to whom, six years before, she had been secretly married—and quietly divorced. Aware that a revelation of that marriage would injure her father, she is alarmed when, shortly after being seen about the campus with Carl Gilson, a disreputable but charming young professor, she begins to receive anonymous threatening letters. Similar letters are sent to Carl, too.

Susanna and Alec meet Emery Smith, brilliant young college daily editor, and Betty Stevens, attractive young coed, who suspect Maxie Blotz, owner of Tetlow Inn, and Bill Snelling, reporter, of being agents of Zimmerman, with orders to create a campus scandal that will ruin President Bradford.

Betty learns that her roommate, Julie Lomax, has been having a violent love affair with Gilson—an affair that is terminated abruptly by Gilson when Julie receives an anonymous letter. Suspecting Gilson of writing the letters himself, to challenge Susanna into marrying him, Alec accuses Gilson—and a violent quarrel follows. Then, when Susanna tells Alec that she intends to marry Gilson immediately, Alec informs her that her divorce was not legal—she is still Mrs. Alexander Cornish.

Soon after this, Susanna learns the truth about Gilson from Betty. In anger, she goes alone, at night, to Gilson's home; but he is not there. She then goes to Alec's cabin, but he too, is away. . . . Retrieving her personal belongings from Gilson's lodge, Julie hears two men quarreling bitterly. She escapes through a bedroom window, but injures her ankle. Shortly after, news comes that Gilson has been found in his cabin—murdered! Betty does her best to protect Julie, but in so doing makes all of the clues point inexorably toward Susanna.

Susanna is, of course, not guilty. The question is: Who killed Carl Gilson?

Conclusion

GUY JOHNSON followed Emery into his office and laid a pile of copy on his desk. "Would you be interested to see what we write nowadays for the paper you used to run?" he inquired.

Emery turned a bilious eye from Johnson to the copy. "I don't follow the women's basketball team any more. Or maybe you'll break the big story and tell us who shot the campus sweetheart?"

"It's this way—we can call it a WPA job, or we can play Prexy Bradford straight across the board."

Yeah. Prexy Bradford's daughter had been a good idea for a while. But the blue slipper and the open window had changed everything, and rubbed out Emery's notion that Alec Cornish had gone looking for his girl friend and found her at Gilson's. Emery must have gone nuts, to believe even for a minute, even on the evidence, that Alec was the kind of guy who could shoot anybody. Alec had rages but if he ever got murderous he would use his fists.

Besides, it was only Betty's guess that Susanna Bradford was engaged to Gilson. And Emery didn't know much about her but he'd take a bet that she wouldn't go calling in bedroom slippers when the thermometer was crowding zero. Well, say she did, say she paid all her calls in a nightie—would she shoot him if Alec hadn't? Why? Aw, you know: love! She loved him so much she had to shoot him. Or, if that doesn't fit, let's just say that Gilson woke up and started to clean his gun and didn't know it was loaded. That would fix everything.

No, dodge as much as you like, that slight thud, as of one bare foot on cement—that was Julie Lomax landing back in this case again.

He gathered up the copy and took it out and dumped it on Johnson's desk. Then he called up the T O house and got Perry Henderson. "Anything new?" he asked.

"I saw her for a minute! She looks wonderful. They only let me stay long enough to say hello. I went back again but the nurse said it was after visiting hours, and anyway Betty had been there and that was enough, and too many people had tried to get in. The nurse says she wants to see—guess who? Not me—hell no, I never get a break. You'd never guess."

"Who?" Emery yelled at the phone. "Who's she asking for?"

"Prexy Bradford's daughter. You know—that high blonde."

Trust the Smith skin every time! A skin in a million. "Get down here to the Daily," he said, "get down fast! Bring your car. Shut up and come a-humping!"

A sound skin, a skin you loved to trust. Not only was Julie back in the case again, but she had brought Susanna Bradford with her, hand in hand. But the time had come to abandon the skin method, stop guessing, stop wandering—go straight to headquarters and tell Alec that Julie was asking for Susanna—and ask why.

Yeah. Just why had Susanna been so hell-bent on seeing Alec an hour ago? Well, now it could be told.

IT HAPPENED then. . . . Emery put on his overcoat and went out to the city room to wait for Perry. Snelling wasn't there yet. He kept thinking how very convenient a time it had been for this story to break. Old Bill couldn't have picked a better time if he'd had it custom made. Emery thought longingly, if for even ten seconds we could show that Gilson and Old Bill didn't love each other—or even that they did—if we could catch one glimpse of them doing business together—well, there'd be a hot time on campus tonight. . . . And at that moment Guy Johnson came in and said, "Oh, there you are, proud beauty. Chicago wants you on the phone."

"Chicago?"

"Might be the AP offering you a job. Don't close till you've given Hollywood a chance to bid."

He went to his office and closed the door and listened for a moment while central at the other end talked to someone, and then a voice came through: "I

(Continued on page 33)

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The girl was on her back, motionless, and the man was treading water and keeping her afloat with a hand under her back

Out of Alcatraz

By Charles J. Hubbard

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

An impenetrable fog on the bay, with violence and death riding through it

THE Baybird moved in a shroud of fog. It settled all over the soot-blackened woodwork of the boat in a fine silver dust. It was a deep fog. The water was dead under the weight of it except where the slow ripple in the wake disturbed the leaden surface.

The boatman stared straight ahead over the low roof of the boat's cabin. The fog did not worry him. And he had received double fare for a trip down to the anchorage. Such weather made good business if a man dared to venture out.

Something caught his eye in the edge of his circle of visibility. He thought it was the bottom of an upset rowboat but by the time he turned his head it was gone. He was sure of only one detail: he knew he had seen a hand, the fingers crooked over the crack of a board, the nails sunk into the wood.

He spun the wheel and threw out the clutch. He called but there was no answer. The fog was suffocating, like having a wet towel wrapped around one's head. The man listened, turning slowly from side to side, testing the confusion of sounds. It was all familiar. Above the clamor of ferry whistles and the bells of anchored ships his quick ear distinguished the blast of the diaphone on Goat Island. Off the starboard bow were the high-pitched sirens of the Oakland Bridge. Astern, against the voice of the city, he could detect the regular note of the horn on Alcatraz.

Moving ahead again, he found the rowboat. A man clung to it, unconscious, his face barely an inch above the surface of the water. He was a small man and the boatman, who was big and long-armed, picked him out of the water and laid him on the cockpit floor.

His face was coarse-featured with a thick nose and a full wide mouth. It was a broad face with broad black eyebrows and a two-day stubble of beard.

The boatman stripped off the wet shirt. He straightened out the fingers of the hand, which still grasped at nothing, and he began to rub the chest and arms. The muscles were stiff and there was a bluish-yellow tinge to the skin. It was more than half an hour before any natural color showed.

He went to his cabin and took a blanket from the bunk and found a dry flannel shirt and trousers and a pair of woolen socks. He lit a fire in the miniature iron stove with a handful of chips and put on water to boil. When he returned he saw that the man was breathing more deeply. He pulled off the latter's wet dungaree trousers. Strapped against the inside of the man's left leg was a knife in a leather sheath.

He drew out the knife. It was a plain weapon with a wooden handle and a long broad blade. He felt the edge under his thumb. It was extremely sharp. He took the thing into the cabin and hid it under the mattress of his bunk.

Before starting the engine he tried to get his bearings. He listened as he had before, turning his head. He knew the tide was running in at full flood and he

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guessed that he had drifted three or four miles. It was impossible to judge the direction of the drift, for the fog and the water and the occasional bits of debris all moved together with the boat, but he suspected he had been swept into the north arm of the bay. He was unfamiliar with it in fog, though he had made the run up to Richmond many times in clear weather. He got a small box compass from the cabin and set it on the roof of the cabin in front of the steering wheel. He started the engine and swung onto a south-southwesterly course, running slow. From the feel of the boat he could tell that she was bucking the current and then he knew he was right.

HE LIT his pipe. It was a good thing to have saved a life and he felt fine. He wondered about the knife, but it did not worry him much. He knew that the Italian fishermen often carried knives in their boot tops under their trousers; and the man looked like an Italian, or some kind of foreigner. He looked down at the man, wrapped in the blanket to his chin, and was surprised to find that the latter's eyes were open.

"Who are you?" the man said. He seemed startled by his own voice.

"Bill Orr. How do you feel?"

"I'll be all right in a minute. Where are we?"

"Somewhere between Richmond and Frisco," Bill Orr said. "Can't tell exactly."

"Where're we headed?" the man asked.

"Gardner's wharf. With luck we ought to be there in three quarters of an hour but the tide's against us. When you feel like moving around there's hot tea on the stove. Make yourself to home."

The man struggled up to a sitting position with his back against the cabin wall. For the first time he noticed the fog. He grinned and said, "Thick. Ain't it?" without expecting any reply. Bill Orr grinned.

The man got to his feet, keeping the blanket wrapped around him. He looked into the fog. He forgot to blink his eyes and had to rub them with the heel of his hand to relieve the strain of seeing nothing. He scrutinized his companion, starting with the latter's face and working down to his boots. He asked for a cigarette.

"On the shelf over the stove," Bill Orr said with a gesture toward the cabin door.

The man went inside. He was not used to boats, for he went in frontward and bumped his head. The door was low with a step down and the cabin had only five feet headroom.

In a little while Bill Orr could smell the tea brewing. The man came to the door with a mug and said, "Sugar?"

"On the shelf."

"Yeah," the man said, "I found it. How much do you want?"

"Plenty," Bill Orr said. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it."

THE tea was hot and strong. Bill Orr felt better than ever after he had drunk it, for he had had nothing since he left his wharf at daybreak. He felt generous toward the other man. And he was glad to be able to offer such a snug little cabin. He lived in it most of the time and he kept it immaculate. The outside of the Baybird looked like any wharfinger's boat, rough and blackened, but the cabin was freshly painted white with the trim stained mahogany color. It was tiny but everything a man needed was put away in it in one place or another. Bill Orr was glad he had enough extra clothes. All except boots. He wished that he had an extra pair of boots.

The man had pulled the door shut from the inside. After a while Bill Orr pulled it open an inch and said, "Everything all right?"

The man was shaving. He had found the razor and brush and soap on the shelf. The mirror was on the back of the door and he sat in front of it on the wood box. He kept a cigarette in one corner of his mouth while he shaved the other side.

"Make yourself at home," Bill Orr said and closed the door again.

The man shaved quickly and came out. The change was astonishing. His hair was neatly parted and brushed smooth. He had even greased it with a touch of engine grease. He wore Bill Orr's tie with red and black stripes and a pair of slippers that the latter had put away and forgotten.

He stood in the cabin *(Continued on page 28)*

The one word was enough. Bill Orr struck the man Smith on the point of the chin and stretched him unconscious on the floor

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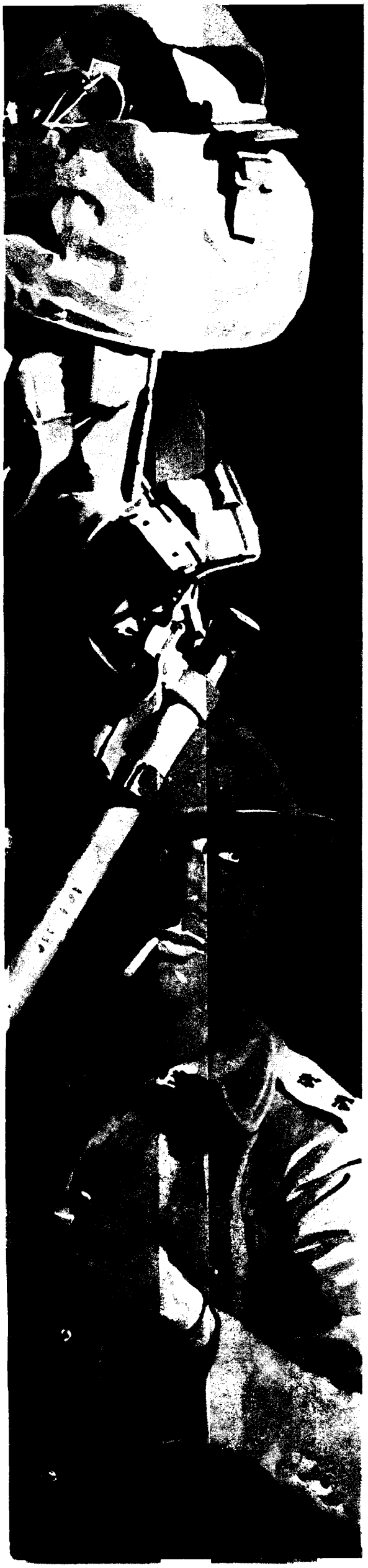

None But the Brave

By Humphrey Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

GENERAL SHANKLAND—the Armistice Day guest of "Shorty" Turner, who had served under him during the World War and is now living in a small town in upper Ontario—asks his host to explain a mysterious telegram (ostensibly from Shankland, but sent by Turner) that had reached G. H. Q. in France shortly before the close of hostilities. By way of answer, Turner hands the general a bulky manuscript, suggests that Shankland read it, and goes out.

The general, making himself comfortable, inspects the manuscript; it is, he finds, an account of the war experiences of one Paige—Corporal Andrew Paige—a young Canadian who had fought overseas with Turner's unit. The general begins to read the manuscript. The story, so far as he had read at the end of the last installment:

"Andy" Paige (author of the manuscript) has a strange gift: three times, in France, he has a premonition, a "hunch," that someone he knows is to be killed. On each occasion, the hunch is a correct one. Then comes the fourth hunch—Joe Miller, of whom he is genuinely fond, will, he feels sure, soon die.

Andy's organization takes over a front-line sector. With him is the dearest friend he has: Dick Patterson, who has just reached France. In love with the same girl, Louise Frawley—who, having come over from Canada, is driving an ambulance in London—the two boys have vowed to be loyal to each other, and to Louise, always. And Andy knows that, come what may, he can depend on Dick.

Scout Sergeant Williams orders Joe Miller and Andy to accompany him on a night patrol. The three men start. They pass Dick, who is "gas sentry." They meet Lieutenant Turner ("Shorty" Turner), the battalion's scout officer, who takes command. They slip through a gap in the wire, and push out into no man's land. An enemy patrol, a large one, looms up in the darkness. As quietly as they can, the four men wiggle into some shell holes and play possum—hard!

II

IT MUST have been in that shell hole that I got a touch of gas. I tried to hold my coughs until I heard a machine gun open up or a shell burst, but in the end I had to let one go.

Shorty twigged at once what was the matter with me and, since the Fritz patrol had missed us and was moving off, he passed the signal to close in. Then we hauled our freight out of there and, for once, the front-line sentries didn't fire at us as we came back.

What with my touch of gas and a bunch of nightmarish dreams that I knew, all through them, were connected with the hunch about Joe—though he didn't actually figure in any of them—I didn't get much sleep. Along about noon I gave up trying and, as I was thirsty as hell, I began looking around for some water. There wasn't any to spare, so I woke up Williams, told him the supply was low and said I was going down to Loos to get some. He said okay.

On the way out I picked up some letters stuck between the boards near the brazier. That was our mailbox and I was going to take them down and leave them at the Y. I noticed that among the letters was one of our photograph postals and I turned it over to read it. It was from Joe, and it said:

"Dearest Mother:

"See how fine your boots look! Since they arrived everybody in the section has been following me around hoping I'd get hit and then they could get the boots. That's how envious they are, but I'll fool 'em! The guy on my right is the one I bunk with, Andrew Paige, a good egg. Will write soon. Love to you and Dad.

"JOE"

"All right, boys," he said, speaking to both patrols. "We've got to snaffle those two Heinie outposts"

Well, of course, I felt kind of cheesy after having read that, especially since it mentioned me. Also, I wished he hadn't written "but I'll fool 'em!" I'm not superstitious, as I said before, but that sort of remark always gives me the willies. . . .

WHEN I got back, Joe was rubbing his boots with some bacon drippings.

"What news?" I asked.

"Battle patrol tonight," he said. "Two parties. Ten men each."

"I thought so," I said.

"Yes," said Joe, "we've got to clean up the esplanade. The wire needs fixing badly, but the Old Man doesn't want to start until we've routed Fritz out of no man's land. Then tomorrow night we'll do covering patrols while the wiring parties are at work."

"Who's leading the patrols tonight?" I asked.

"Shorty and Williams."

"Which one are you in, Joe?"

"I'm in the sergeant's."

"Say, Sarge," I called over to Williams. "How's for me being in your party? You know Joe and I work pretty well together. We've even got telepathy."

"You've got galloping consumption, that's what you've got," said Williams. "We must creep up on those two Heinie posts and snaffle them. Brigade orders, and we don't want you along to tell the Kaiser we're coming."

"Okay, Sarge," I said. "I'll keep the home fires burning."

As soon as it was dark enough, the patrols got ready to go out. They emptied the junk out of their pockets and removed all insignia and identifications. I never understood what the point of that was because practically every man-jack of us had our names, numbers and regiments written in indelible pencil on the inside of our tunics.

Since it was going to be a combat patrol, they all blackened their hands and faces with burnt cork. While they were doing that, I got a pair of pincers and straightened out the pins in a case of Mills bombs, checked to see that they had their detonators in them, and dished them out, each man taking four. A platoon of another outfit had once gone on a bombing raid and had gotten taken into camp by Fritz almost to a man because they had forgotten to put detonators in their grenades. So far as I knew, nobody made that mistake again. We certainly didn't, anyway.

There wasn't much talking, everybody being pretty busy with his own thoughts and preparations. And the rest of us who were not going out had enough instinct or intuition to refrain from making wisecracks. We all knew what a combat patrol meant.

About nine o'clock, Lieutenant Turner came in. He was in blackface too, and wearing a buck private's tunic with nothing on it to show he was an officer except the little pips in his shoulder straps.

"Are the parties detailed, Jack?" he said to Williams.

"Yes, sir."

"All right, boys," he said, speaking to both patrols. "Our job is as follows: We've got to snaffle those two Heinie outposts. They are a couple of hundred yards apart, and not wired in. I don't think there's more than three men in each, wouldn't you say, Jack?"

"That's right," said Williams, "three or four."

"But they each have a machine gun," Turner went on. "Sergeant Williams and his party will take the left-hand post, and I'll attend to the other. Both posts are nearer our line than they are to Fritz's, so I want you to attack them from the rear. And it's got to be done simultaneously so as to prevent them from covering or supporting each other."

"Might as well synchronize now," said Williams. He and Shorty put their luminous wrist watches together and adjusted them both to exactly 9:11.

"I'm figuring on allowing twenty minutes to get into position after we leave our wire," said Shorty. "We'll leave our wire at 9:45, and work our way to our positions in rear of the posts and within hand-grenade range. Then at 10:05 on the dot, heave your bombs in and follow up with a rush. Grab anything you can lay your hands on, prisoners or machine guns, and then beat it out of there before Fritz gets his S O S's up. Come on!"

It was a quiet night, not much shelling, and black as hell, which was just right for this sort of job, but it was turning cold.

I rolled up in my overcoat for forty winks. There was plenty of time to get some hot tea brewing for them later.

I IMAGINE everybody has had the experience at one time or another of waking up and knowing instantly that the night isn't half over and that something has happened.

Suddenly, without even remembering going to sleep, I found myself lying there in the dark, wide awake. All the other men in the dugout were breathing regularly, and one or two of them were frankly snoring. I fumbled for a match and lighted my candle, then looked at my watch. It was just before 1 A. M.

The next minute my candle flickered the way it did when the gas blanket was being drawn aside and I heard the noise of people at the head of the dugout stairs.

Then I heard Sergeant Williams' voice saying, "That's all right. On the parapet."

Dick Patterson had waked up too, and he came down to where I was sitting and squatted in Joe Miller's space beside me.

"What's going on?" he said.

"Just the patrol coming in," I answered, which was obvious by that time as they were thumping down the stairs, letting in a lot of cold air with them. Even the cloth of their uniforms felt

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cold as they brushed past me, and I could see by the flatness of their pockets that most of the bombs had been used. There was something about their manner—particularly their silence—that told me all had not been well.

"How was it?" I asked.

Nobody answered.

"Come on, Sarge, let's have some rum," someone said.

Williams fished a shell nose he used for that purpose out of his haversack and started to pour the rum and pass it out. It was a lovely, rich, dark brown color, and the aroma of it had soon permeated the whole dugout. Some of the men had trotted their mess tins out and took their ration in that so as to be able to put the second round with it and get a real drink.

As they stood about waiting their turns, I started counting them. They were four men short.

"Where's Joe?" I said.

"He got it," said Williams.

"How? Where?" I said.

"At the mound," said the sergeant.

"I'll go out and get him," I said.

"We brought him in," said Terry, giving me a look that was a rebuke for thinking they hadn't. "He's upstairs. On the parapet."

"What about the others?" I said.

"CHICK got his leg taken off and we dropped him at the medical dugout. The M. O. said he might have a chance if gangrene didn't develop. Liggett and Tommy got blighties. They can both walk, and they're on their way out now. We got to shooting at ourselves. Damn these split patrols, anyhow!"

Spencer was a bit of a hothead.

"Well, boys," he piped up, "I vote that from now on we refuse to go out on split patrols."

"Now, now. None of that talk," said the sergeant.

"That's all very well," said Spencer, "but we're the guys that get killed."

"What are you crabbing about?" said Williams. "You're not dead, except from the neck up."

"I'm not kidding," said Spencer.

"Neither am I," said Williams. "Shut up."

"I will not," said Spencer, "not when you're playing tiddlywinks with my life."

"You've had too much rum," said Williams. "Go to bed."

"My God! You tell me to go to bed, and Joe lying smashed up out there just because you guys are too damn' pigheaded to run these shows properly!"

The sergeant was right, I thought, Spence had had too much rum.

"Go to bed, and you'll feel better in the morning," said the sergeant, not unkindly.

"I'll go to bed when I please," said Spencer.

"You'll go to bed now," said the sergeant. I saw that the muscles at the

(Continued on page 39)

I heard the sky above me tear itself apart to let an express train through. We both flattened ourselves

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At an early age Mr. Sammy Baugh found out all there is to be known about handling a football. For this achievement the Slinging Swami of Sweetwater has been made a hero

THERE are a great many thousand kids in this country who do not know a goal post from a cement necktie but who do know all about Slingin' Sammy Baugh, the pass master of passers, the Houdini of heavers, the swami of slingers and the Thor of throwers. Not since Tarzan first leaped out of a tree has there been such an idol for juvenile hero worshipers as the nimble-fingered Sammy Baugh. Red Grange was a lad about whom the youngsters dreamed at night, but Baugh has even surpassed the redhead in popularity among the very younger set.

When the Washington Redskins, who pay Sammy's salary, play in New York there are always a thousand kids waiting for Sammy to emerge from the dressing room. When the team is at home Sammy is always host to a crowd of youngsters. After practice sessions are over the kids somehow seep into the ball park and Sammy always stays behind an hour or so showing them how to toss an elliptical pigskin in the approved manner. Sammy is fairly young himself and he looks even younger. And Sammy loves kids.

Off the gridiron Sammy is a boyish, wide-eyed youngster with no guile in either his heart or his head. However, when the whistle blows Sammy is quite another proposition. He is cold and canny and courageous and when he isn't slingin' that spheroid he is doing the thinking for his team. Sometimes, too, he does the talking for them. There was that afternoon in Texas, for instance.

Texas Christian University was having a tougher time trying to beat the Tulsa Hurricanes than anyone had anticipated. Tulsa, in fact, was leading, 6 to 0. Came the third quarter, and Texas Christian advanced the ball to the Tulsa one-yard line on second down. Tillie Manton, the big fullback now playing with the New York Giants, took the ball and sliced off-tackle. He seemed to go over for the touchdown, but referee Ernie Quigley, the baseball umpire, ruled no score. The T. C. U. boys started to howl, but their quarterback called them off.

He got his team into a huddle, and then said in a voice loud enough for Quigley to hear: "Now, boys, you all know that Mr. Quigley is the best referee in the business. What the hell, if he says we didn't go over, we didn't. Let's make it this time."

On the next down, the quarterback carried the ball himself, and while he didn't advance as far as Manton had, Ernie promptly heaved his hands in the air, signaling a touchdown.

The quarterback who pulled that shrewd stunt was our hero, Sammy Baugh, the brightest star to shoot across the football horizon in our time. He is, in one sense, a latter-day Grange. Not that he is the greatest football player since the Wheaton Iceman, no indeed. That distinction belongs to a blond young man who played under Chick Meehan at New York University, and later under Steve Owen, at Tenth Avenue Tech (alias the N. Y. Giants). His name is Ken Strong, and those who know will tell you that Strong was the best football player in the country for six years after he left college. But this is not a story about Ken Strong; this is the saga of Sammy Baugh, the slinging swami from Sweetwater.

Let's go back to the very beginning. The story starts on March 17, 1914, in a Bell County, Texas, farmhouse with the birth of a second son to Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Baugh. The boy was named Samuel Adrian Baugh, but he was to live the fancy moniker down.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Sammy Baugh, 1936 All-America quarterback and current hero of the pro Washington Redskins

Papa Baugh was working on the railroad, and perhaps as he saw this olive-skinned baby he thought that someday he, too, would be riding the rails. If he thought that, he was right, for Sam grew up to ride on railroads plenty—on his way to glory.

By the time Sam was ten years old, he was playing football. Not the touch football that young city kids are fond of, but real, honest-to-goodness football. He played on the grammar-school team, and, because he was a big, rangy kid, the coach had him playing end. At Temple High School, Sammy was again an end. He was; that is, until one day when the regular quarterback was hurt. Then, in desperation, he was put in the backfield. Up to that time, Temple hadn't won a game. With Sammy in the backfield, I am sorry to say, their record remained constant.

If that kid in the backfield hadn't been hurt, though, Sammy might still be an end. On such meager threads hangs the history of sports.

The year after he switched to the backfield, the population of Temple dropped from 5,002 to 4,998. The Baughs moved to Sweetwater. This seems to be as good a spot as any to get the pronunciation of Sam's name out of the way. Lots of folks pronounce it as if it were the front end of bow and arrow. But that's wrong, according to no less an expert on the matter than Sam himself. He says it rhymes with law.

Sam played on the *(Continued on page 38)*

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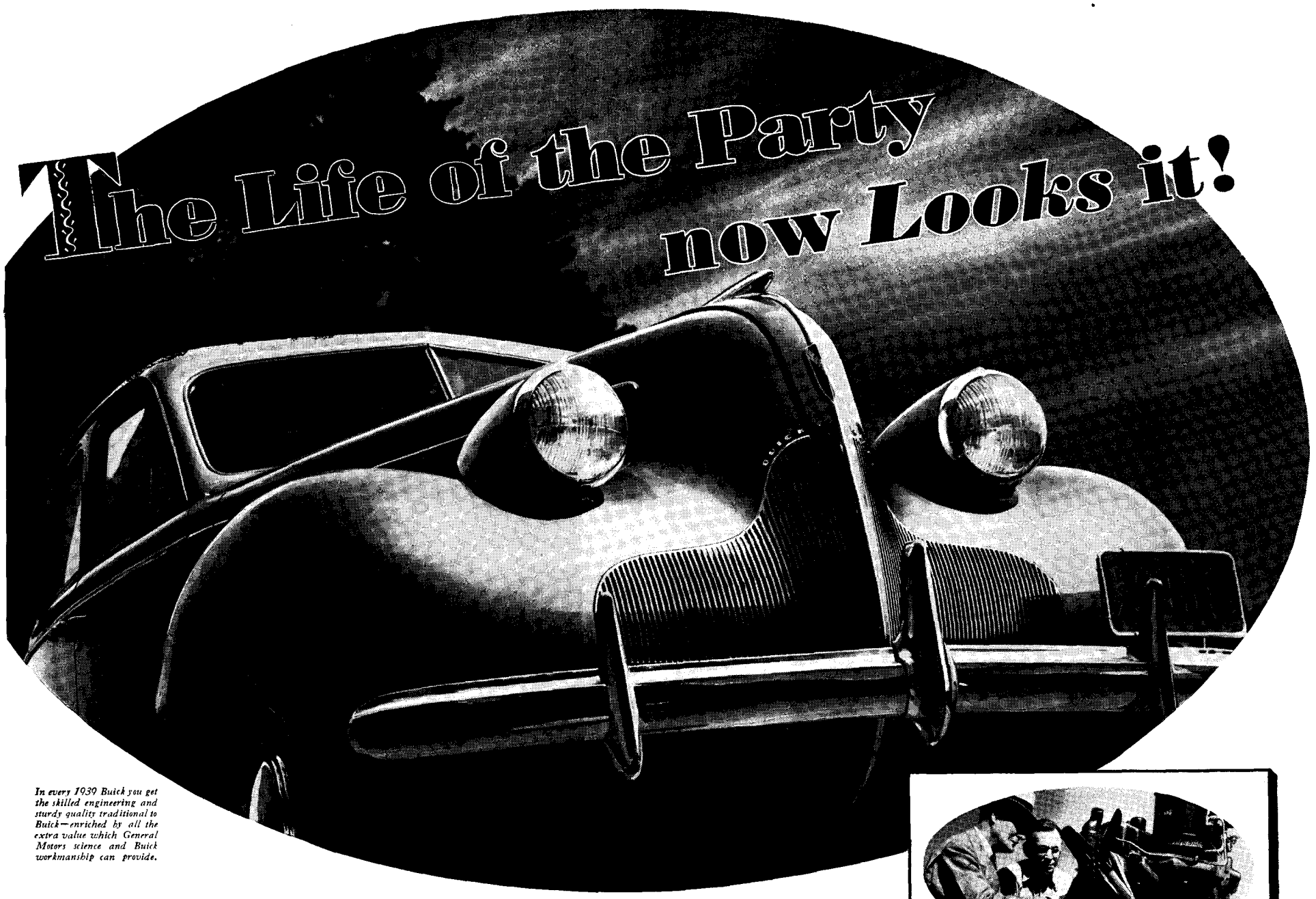
The Life of the Party now Looks it!



In every 1939 Buick you get the skilled engineering and sturdy quality traditional to Buick—enriched by all the extra value which General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide.

WHEN you've got something mighty good and *know* it, it's ot easy to pass it up even for some- ning better.

'here's a whale of a temptation to play : safe, to coast along a while, when ou're riding such a vote of confidence s we've had this year.

Ve had ample evidence from the start hat our past season's good Buick was ie life of the 1938 party.

Right through the darkest months it aced the industry in sales, setting a right example that shone like a sud- en sun smiling through the rain.

But itching in our heads and on our rawing boards were ideas.

deas that *started* with practical things ke better cooling and more efficient erodynamics and a wider field of vi- ion for the driver and his folks.

deas that *wouldn't* stand still — that udded, burgeoned, flowered full into orgeous new beauty of line and form nd action.

★ ★ ★ ★

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

-DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE - BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ GREATER ISIBILITY ★ HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION ★ ROOMIER NISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ★ PTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH - "CATWALK-COOLING" ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE EAR RATIOS ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL ★ ELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING

Ideas that promised to re-pattern motor car design for the next half decade or more!

Now, the price of progress is daring to make good things better—even if you've got a winner to start with. Buick's whole comeback has been based on that.

We *couldn't* refuse to climb while empty rungs on the ladder beckoned us up!

So the life of the party now looks it. And you'll see a Buick for 1939 of very different pattern, a car fit to fix the fashion for many a long year to come.

Please do more than *admire* it.

Try it—for it's *livelier* as well as lovelier. Thriftier—smoother in its "full float" ride. Airier and roomier and *more easy to see out of.* More convenient to drive; the gearshift is out of knee-way, for instance.

We're pretty proud of this sweet-heart of a car, all in all.

Not just because it's our baby—

But because we're sure that once you've got one to call your own, *you're* going to be proud of it too!

ABLEST OF THE EIGHTS is this mighty Buick Dynaflash Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight, with a cyclone in each cylinder to squeeze full power from every drop of fuel.

GENTLING EVERY JAR, BuiCoil Torque-Free Springing is this year even softer, smoother . . . still a vital safety factor. It reduces skid risks and makes rear tires last longer.

Put yourself in this picture!

BUICK 1939 PRICES ARE LOWER—*lower than last year, lower than you'd expect.*

"Buick's the Beauty!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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Between the Lines

Continued from page 13

going to do like Britain, in India." "But, General," I countered, "the British have had more trouble with India than we have had with the Philippines."

"Oh," he said, "trouble? What of that? India has paid a profit to England; the Philippines haven't paid a profit to you!"

EVEN without the sure backing of statistical knowledge, exasperated foreign businessmen in Japan, out of their own experiences, will bet you any sum, any time, that Japan leads the world in three commodities: politeness, morning coats, and visiting cards.

No one has ever been known to see a street fight in Japan. Even those demons of traffic—notable elsewhere in the world for short tempers and ready fists—taxi and truck drivers, will bow and grin and lean out to apologize if they come afoul of one another.

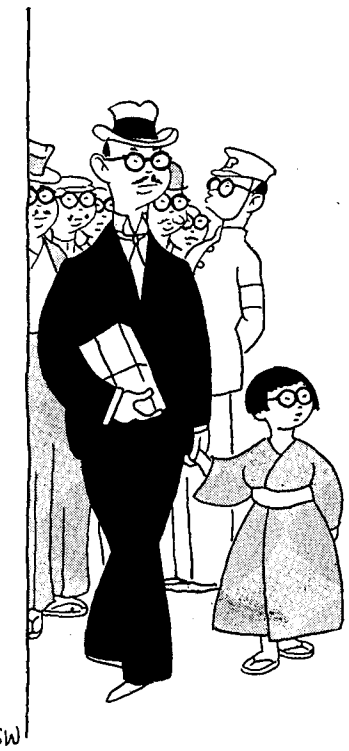
Morning coats are worn morning, noon and evening; with straw hats, caps, fedoras or no hats; to breakfasts, weddings, funerals, garden parties and state dinners.

The printing and engraving of calling cards is a major industry. The reason is the difficulty of spelling, pronouncing and memorizing Japanese names. You cannot move in business or social circles in Japan without a pocketful of cards, which are handed out in fistfuls upon all social, ceremonial, and business occasions. Don't, however, get trapped into imitation of the bowing habit, thinking to please your friends. Foreigners have been known to miss trains, even steamers, because they didn't know when to stop. The Japanese practice of bowing is as dangerous to foreigners as the Continental habit of kissing ladies' hands. Easy to make an ass of yourself.

THE "topper" is compulsory with the striped breeches and morning coat only when you go to the palace; as two young American Embassy attachés did, to leave New Year cards. The younger diplomatic crowd—English and Americans especially—have got in the habit of going hatless with formal clothes, aware of the incongruity of a fedora, and the conspicuousness of a topper. This pair, unthinking, went to the palace bareheaded and were stopped by the gate police. They returned to the embassy. Only one owned a silk hat; but they figured to borrow a second. However, it was a holiday; nobody was around, and the telephone produced no results. So they plotted against the known confusion of gendarmes when the book rules were not handy. They marched solemnly to the palace gate, in close order, each holding firmly to the rim of the single topper—and were permitted to enter.

TIENTSIN is a dead giveaway to their soldier movements and numbers that the Japanese cannot avoid. By train from Manchuria, by ship from Japan, troops for North China must clear through here. The Japs tried to route trains from Mukden to Chengtu in Jehol, thence over the new line via Kupeiki to Peking. One train a day under the best conditions was all they could manage over the crazy switchbacks of that incredible mountain wilderness; and when the Chinese guerrillas went seriously to work they tore and blew the line to pieces at will. It is useless for troop movements now, and is only spasmodically repaired and operated for the sake of "face."

Every foreign attaché in Tientsin



Japan's per capita use of spectacles exceeds that of any other country

keeps a full check on fresh troop comings and wounded troop and ash-box goings; and the Japanese are helpless to stop it. For a race that makes a fetish of secrecy this is a nasty pill.

I saw a considerable number of Manchukuoan soldiers coming through; but foreign officials believe this is as much to get them away from probable implication in possible revolts at home as from stark necessity due to man-power shortages.

The Japanese, it is well known, are not going to depend upon "native" troops either in Manchuria or Korea against the Soviets. After several experiences, in which Manchukuoan regiments at out-of-the-way points mutinied and slew and mutilated their Japanese officers, cartridges, swords and bayonets were no longer issued to the local soldiery.

The Japanese may be said to be the "half a day" conquerors of North China. They have the web of communications that spreads thinly over this vast wild land—railroads; there are no highways, except short, local country roads—but they control it only in the hours of daylight and then only as far as bullets will reach. Every nightfall brings chaos, terror, destruction, killings. I saw—a rare sight, because the Japanese quickly spirit away these signs—the bodies of three decapitated Japanese troopers one dawn, heads never found. The Chinese peasant, who tills his field all the day under the anxious, shifting eyes of the Japanese troops guarding the railways, may be a soldier by night. The guerillas tear up the rails, but cannot bear them away; you've got to move unencumbered to move fast in this land of flinty mountains, swampy paddies, sandy prairies. So they build the ties into a pyre and lay the rails across the top. The heat of the fire warps and buckles the rails—makes them useless.

YOU are struck by the age and unmartial air of the Japanese soldiers guarding the rights of way, the moving trains, garrisoning these North China towns. It is as though the American Legion went back to war—men of 38 to 45, who like to doze in the shade after lunch and read books while on guard. Shopkeepers, professional workers, lesser executives—staid men, with little bellies, tired faces, who are homesick for their settled family ways, no adventurousness left. This is the famous "middle-aged army" with which Japan set out to conquer China, because she did not want to disturb her young "regular" army—that is, the current batches of conscripts who, after preliminary shaping up at barracks in Japan, are customarily dispatched to Manchuria for training and seasoning through virtually their whole period of active service. These are the resentful uprooted oldsters who caused Japan embarrassment—at Nanking, where their discipline proved rusty; at Taierhchwang, where their fighting proved rustier.

NEUTRALITY comment: At the end of the first year of the war, official figures made available through American consulates in the Far East showed that the United States munitions dealers had sold more than 12 million gold dollars' worth of arms to China, and nearly 8 million dollars' worth to Japan.

TIENTSIN used to do a fine business in the export of furs. These excellent quality furs came from the fastnesses of Inner and Outer Mongolia, Ninghsia, and even from Eastern Turkestan, beyond the Gobi. Over ancient caravan routes, rutted centuries before Marco Polo's day, the furs were packed on camels into Kalgan; thence by train to Tientsin for shipment, chiefly to New York's Seventh Avenue wholesale fur district.

The furs are still reaching Seventh Avenue, but they are not clearing through Tientsin. The Japanese out at Kalgan, the gateway to remotest Asia, are building a great military and commercial base on the Orient's immemorial chief trade path. Theoretically, Kalgan will enable them to checkmate a flank attack by Soviet Russia through Outer Mongolia, where, it is said, there are 300,000 Soviet-trained hardy Mongol warriors, and it will give Japan command of the overland commerce of Asia, as her seaports give her command of the overseas commerce of this continent. The way in which the Japs have walked off with the fur trade is merely a foretaste. They send the furs by train to Mukden, thence either to Dairen or to Japan for shipment to America in Japanese bottoms.

Soldiers in Japan's "middle-aged army" read books while on guard

Your Mongolian and North China furs (a big range in furdom) may be a little cheaper in the States this year; certainly should be; but the few pennies mark the death of a dozen European, American and Chinese firms.

The puppet Chinese magistrate of Tientsin, while I was there, presented the Japanese army with $150,000 (Mex) with these words: "This is a spontaneous expression of the enthusiastic thanks and appreciation of our people for the Japanese army's righteous occupation of a number of important Chinese cities."

We did not find out until later that this spontaneous offering had been raised by withholding part of the wages of municipal employees and policemen —by order of the Japanese army!

THERE was one night aboard a troop train, on the dangerous "last mile" between Suan-hwa and Kalgan. Save for our car, it was an armored train: a steel gondola ahead, with machine-gun emplacements built on a wooden and sandbagged shelf; an all-steel enclosed car behind, with revolving turrets. We had a wooden second-class day coach, with a group of field officers going up to the new base at Kalgan for service against the Chinese "Red" army, which operates hereabouts. The blinds were drawn and the only illumination came from a single little oil lantern tacked to the ceiling; it was stifling hot—the officers had removed their coats, shirts and shoes, passed their time sucking oranges and spitting, and in this weird light their sweating faces glistened like rancid brown butter. Sharpshooters rode alertly on either platform. There were alarms, and shots, and long pauses; but always we went on. At each stop you would raise the shade cautiously and peek out upon the strange Mongolian landscape, etched bleakly under a full moon. Hard by on the right, the Great Wall of China raveled limply over the stark mountains, like an endless knotted string. On the left rolled the open rock-strewn Mongolian plain with vague, alarming shadows at which our men fired.

There was a rifle shot from the gondola, then a burst from a machine gun, while ahead someplace we heard others tatting away. We stopped; then jerked on again; in five minutes our lamp went out just as the train came to a sudden jolting halt. I raised the shade and stuck my head out for a breath of the yellow-misted night air. We were abreast an outpost station. A sentry, bayonet and all, came loping toward my window. I ducked, expecting a raucous command to down the shade. Instead: "Hey, sir, do you speak English?" he cried. I looked at him closely: in the cabalistic moonlight I saw a wholesome young face behind an amusing new beard. We talked during the fifteen minutes the train paused. He was pastor of a little Christian church in Japan: St. Stephen's. The city doesn't matter, else this might get him in trouble, on account of what he said as we pulled away.

"Goodby, sir!" he held his rifle at port, as he edged back toward his position behind a sandbag *tochaska*. "Do not forget our little talk, sir," he called. "Remember the pastor of St. Stephen's Church, who waits here to shoot a man. It is ironic—no, sir?"

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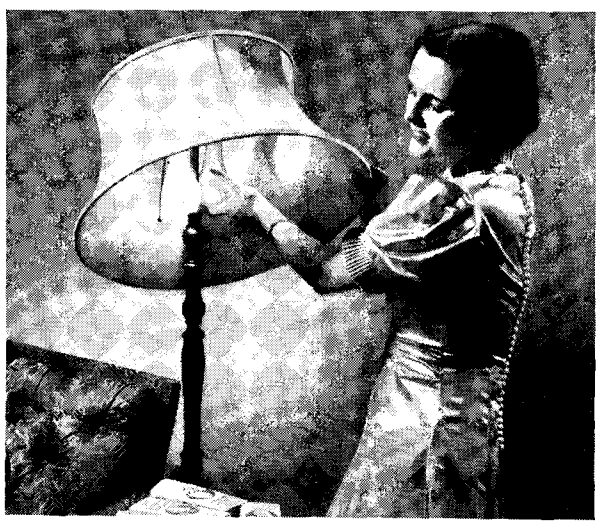
I WAS KEEPING MY HUSBAND IN THE DARK!

1. COULD YOU BLAME ME? For getting mad, I mean. Night after night he'd come home grouchy as an old goat. Then when I thought supper'd have him half civilized, he'd go dead to the world over the evening paper. And this was the peppy, fun-loving man I'd married!

2. A MAGAZINE ARTICLE opened my eyes. It said a frequent cause of irritability and fatigue was poor light. I checked up on his reading lamp and found one lone 40 watt bulb . . . and no spares on hand! Come to think, he'd complained about the light at the office, too.

3. SO WHAT DID I DO? I went right over to the Edison MAZDA lamp dealer's. He said no wonder my husband felt sleepy. To avoid eyestrain, I ought to use at least a 100 watt bulb in a reading lamp. So I brought home a "Light Conditioning" package of new brighter G-E bulbs.



4. I PUT BIGGER BULBS in Tom's reading lamp. And I "light conditioned" every room in the house with right size G-E bulbs. And what a difference it made! Did I say I'd been keeping Tom in the dark? I don't know how I'd been able to live there myself!

5. TOM'S HIS OLD SELF again now. As a result of my bright idea, he had the lighting measured in his office, and now it's "light conditioned" too! We're telling all our friends what a cheerful place home can be with the right G-E bulbs in the right places!

START LIGHT CONDITIONING TODAY FOR BETTER LIGHT—BETTER SIGHT!

It's easy with brighter G-E bulbs at new low prices

Enough light in enough places for protection against eyestrain. That's Light Conditioning. Ask your dealer today for a specially selected package of the G-E bulbs *you* need for easy seeing.

100 WATT . . . for I. E. S. Better Sight table, bridge, and pinned-up lamps, garage, laundry. Now only **15c**

150 WATT . . . . for light conditioning your kitchen, home workshop, or recreation room. Now reduced to **20c**

75, 60, 40, 25, 15 WATT, ONLY 15c

BUY BULBS WHERE YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LISTEN IN. *The G-E Hour of Charm with Dorothy Thompson, and Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, every Monday evening 9 to 9:30 E.S.T., NBC Red Network*

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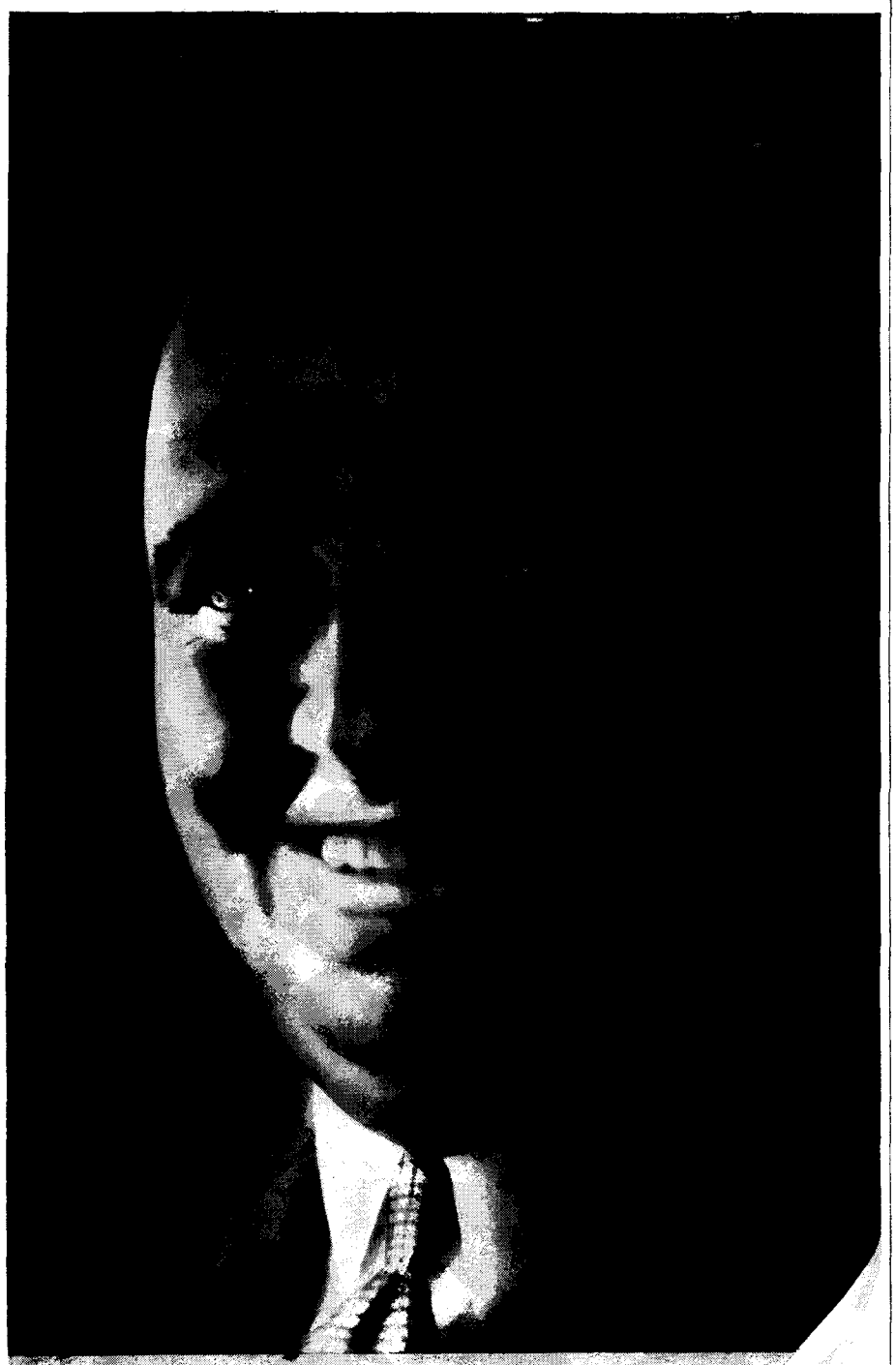
THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MEN
wear
THE WORLD'S SMARTEST SHIRT



RALPH HITZ is a two-word summary of the astounding success story of the Hotel New Yorker, this wizard's working model of what he thinks a modern hotel ought to be. The miracle he has wrought with the New Yorker has been duplicated in Cincinnati's Netherland Plaza, through his magic touch, and again multiplied in six other metropolitan hotels under the aegis of the National Hotel Management Co., Inc., of which Ralph Hitz is the president in his early forties. His story is a personal epic of achievement, based upon a clairvoyant recognition of important details, an epic of the bus boy who is now hailed as the Nation's favored host.

In the matter of his personal appearance, Ralph Hitz consistently cleaves to the importance of details. To him the brand name of the shirt he wears is a two-word summary of style and fit based on authority —shirts by

VAN HEUSEN
The World's Smartest Shirt

PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK

Out of Alcatraz

Continued from page 21

doorway. He said, "Watch. I'm going to show you something."

With a quick motion he reached down. When he straightened up he held in front of him his knife. He looked at Bill Orr and laughed, only it was not meant to be funny.

He took the knife by the point and threw it against the backboard of the seat in the stern. The board split but the knife stuck there, quivering on its long blade. The man stepped aft and wrenched it out of the wood.

The expression of good feeling drained out of Bill Orr's face. His long jaw moved a little forward but he was more puzzled than angry as he swung around.

"Listen, fisherman," the man said. "Take it easy. I don't want to hurt you."

BILL ORR said nothing while the situation took shape in his mind.

"Do you know where you are in this pea soup?" the man asked, waving the knife in a circle to indicate the fog. Still Bill Orr did not answer. The man said, "Listen. Don't begin thinking you're smart enough to fool me. I can hear that fog horn out in front of us just as plain as you. And I know what it is just as well as you. Probably better. That's the Rock . . . Ain't it? . . . That's Alcatraz."

"Sure. That's the Rock," Bill Orr said.

"We ain't going there," the man said. "Listen. I don't want to hurt you 'cause you done me a good turn. But I ain't too particular. We ain't going to the Rock and we ain't going to Frisco either. You're going to take me way up the bay to some place where I can get ashore with no one looking on. Understand?"

There was nothing Bill Orr could do. He turned back to the wheel and put it over. The Baybird swung in a slow circle.

"Sure," Bill Orr said. "I know a place up the bay beyond San Quentin."

The man said, "Okay."

Bill Orr knew he was north of Angel Island and he swung east toward the Berkeley flats. He heard a steamer whistling in the channel but he gave it a wide berth. The fog was as thick as ever and he could feel the heavy swirl of it like a clammy hand at the back of his neck.

The man in the stern had put his knife in the sheath on his leg but he left the trousers rolled up over the hilt. He had perched himself on the back of the seat to get a better view forward and he kept staring into the fog as though he would see into it by main force. Every few minutes he rubbed his eyes with the heel of his hand.

There was no chance to avoid the sailboat. It appeared directly under the bow scarcely a yard away and they struck it just aft of the mast.

It was only a light dinghy and the Baybird's ironshod stem cut through with no more fuss than if it had been a patch of seaweed. In the instant before she was flung into the water Bill Orr saw a girl in the stern sheets. He noticed that she wore a red bandanna around her hair.

The man in the stern of the Baybird shouted, "Keep on going." The mast of the sailboat fell across the cockpit and caught him full in the chest before he could speak again. It was a light stick and it broke, but it knocked the man over backward. Bill Orr drove straight ahead for perhaps two minutes before he looked back and saw that the man was gone.

He throttled down and put the wheel hard over. If it had not been for a broken flagstaff in the stern he could have doubted the evidence of his own memory.

He found a piece of the mast and circled around it and found the wreckage of the boat. The girl's red bandanna floated near by but there was no sign of her nor of the man.

He stopped the engine entirely, to listen. Close aboard on the starboard side he heard a splash and the voice of the man said, "Damn you."

He started the engine and moved up slowly, slipping the clutch, with just enough speed for steerageway. Even so he narrowly missed running them down. He reversed and stopped. The girl was on her back, motionless and with her eyes closed, and the man was treading water and keeping her afloat with a hand under her back.

"Hand up your knife first," Bill Orr said.

"Lost it," the man said. He was short of breath.

"Sure. I know. Hand it up."

The man said, "Okay," and made a move to reach toward his leg with the hand that had supported the girl. Her feet sank immediately. She was rigid and made no move to help herself. Her mouth and nose slid under the surface and the man swam away from her.

Bill Orr jammed in the clutch and spun the wheel. With the boat hook he caught the girl under one arm and pulled her within reach. By the time he had lifted her into the cockpit the other man had climbed aboard at the far side and was sitting on the gunwale with his foot up on the stern seat and his hand on the hilt of his knife.

He said, "Listen. You're getting too smart for your health."

Bill Orr said nothing but went to work on the girl. He pulled off her wet sweater and rolled her in the blanket.

He brought a cup of tea and held it to her lips and she opened her eyes. The man aft stooped quickly and rolled down the leg of his trousers.

WRAPPED up in the blanket to her chin, the girl looked very young. Her face was round with large blue eyes and a stubby nose. Her blond hair was cut short.

"You'll be all right now," Bill Orr said, smiling, and holding out the cup of tea.

She pressed her lips together before she spoke. "No thanks to you," she said. She pushed away the teacup. "You ought to go to jail for that—trying to sneak off in the fog after an accident!"

Bill Orr took the wheel again and threw in the clutch.

"Did you hit me on the head?" the girl asked, feeling the swelling.

The man sitting in the stern said, "Yeah. He hit you with a boat hook. But don't you mind him. I'll watch out for you. My name is Smith—Henry Smith."

"Mine is Anna Megg," she said. "And I am certainly very grateful to you for saving my life. I don't know how to repay you."

"Don't mention it," he said. "Make yourself at home. If you want some dry clothes there's some in there." He waved toward the cabin and grinned. "You won't find a perfect fit but there's a pair of dungarees hanging over the stove that ought to be dry, and a shirt."

She managed to smile and succeeded in getting up. She held on to the doorjamb to steady herself and she kept her back turned to Bill Orr. She had only summer clothes on and they clung to her body. When her head had stopped spin-

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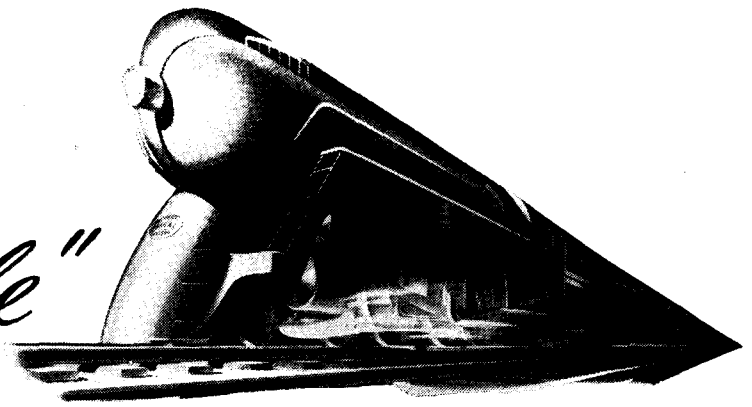
20 years "Ahead of Schedule"



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Your first trip on the *new* "Century" will open your eyes to what advanced rail travel can be. Everything is *new*, you'll find, except two things: The *fare*, which is unchanged. And the *roadbed*... which has long been the pride of the Water Level Route. Like thousands of other travelers, you'll say, *"more than ever, it PAYS to ride the 'Century'!"*

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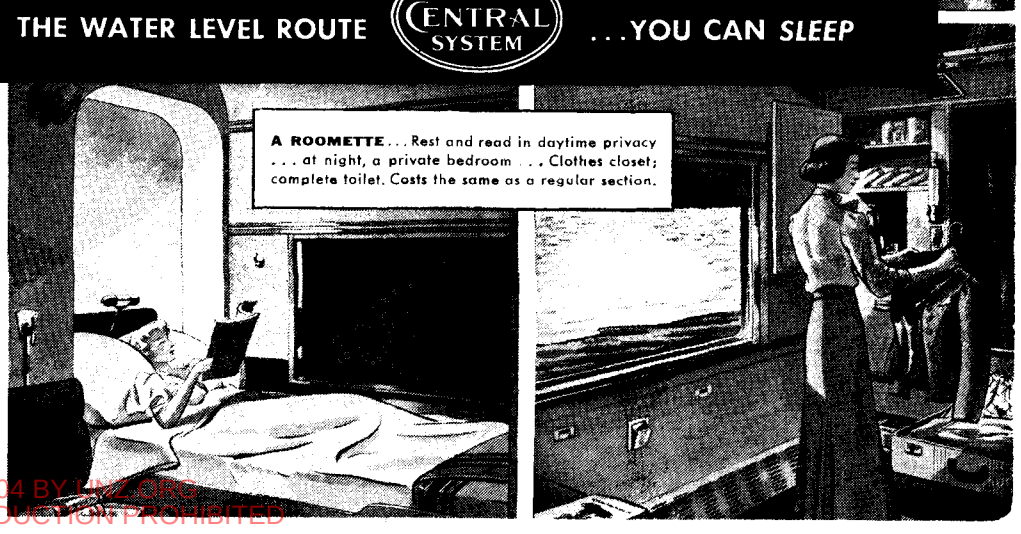

A ROOMETTE... Rest and read in daytime privacy ... at night, a private bedroom . . , Clothes closet; complete toilet. Costs the same as a regular section.

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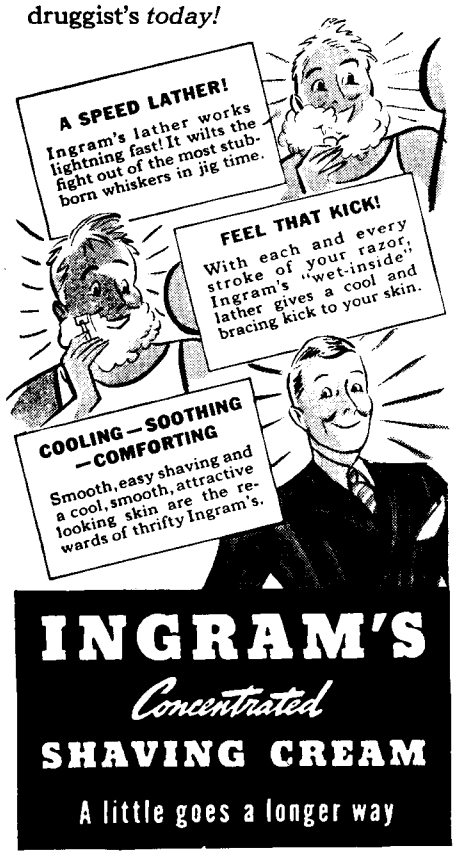
A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.
FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.
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ning she went into the cabin and pulled the door closed.

"Pretty cute, ain't she?" the man called Smith said.

When the girl reappeared she wore the man's shirt with the sleeves rolled and the dungarees with the bottoms turned up. She had brushed out her hair. The costume made her look like a Dutch doll.

She ignored Bill Orr completely and went aft to a seat in the stern near the man Smith. She thought he owned the Baybird and she was enthusiastic about the little cabin. She congratulated him on keeping it so clean, and he laughed. He asked her about herself.

She said her father was captain of a Green Stripe tug. Bill Orr remembered the name—Captain Megg. She said she had gone sailing the day before and been becalmed and that she had drifted with the tide all night, in the fog. A steamer had almost run her down and she had shouted till she was hoarse but without attracting their attention. She said it was illegal for the Baybird to run full speed in the fog without blowing a horn. She blamed it all on Bill Orr and she spoke of him as "that man."

"Listen," Smith said. "He thinks he can hear better when he ain't making all the noise himself."

He was right. Standing up with his back to the engine, which was housed in the center of the cockpit, Bill Orr could hear much better. Off to starboard he could hear Alcatraz and he had picked up the familiar note of the Goat Island diaphone. He also heard the sound of another motorboat.

THE girl said she was hungry and would make more tea and she stood up. Then she heard the other boat too. She said they ought to blow the foghorn. The boatman reached inside the cabin door where his tin fish horn hung.

The man Smith said, "Drop it."

The girl looked surprised but as she was about to speak the motor of the other boat stopped abruptly.

"They must have heard us and now they're listening," she said.

"Stop the engine," the man said. His voice had an edge like his knife. Bill Orr threw the switch and the Baybird coasted in the fog, rolling gently. The other boat started up again.

"Get in the cabin," Smith said to the girl.

She stepped backward through the cabin door.

The man snatched his knife and held it before him, point out.

"Listen, fisherman," he said. "You keep them out of this cabin." He lowered his voice but it lost none of its edge. "It's her or me. If they open that door I'll finish her first and get the man that comes in next. And it won't be the first time either."

He slipped into the cabin. Before he closed the door he handed out the foghorn. He said, "You'd better blow this so they won't be suspicious."

Bill Orr blew twice. Then he opened up the engine housing, took a wrench, smashed one of the plugs and began removing it. In a moment the other boat came alongside. It was the police launch with four men in it. He recognized Sergeant Malloy at the steering wheel.

He said, "Hello. Say, have you got a spare plug? This one's cracked."

"Hello, Orr," Malloy said. "What are you doing out in this weather?"

"I had a run up to Richmond—triple fare."

A man in plain clothes asked the sergeant, "Who's this fellow?"

"Runs a water taxi from Gardner's wharf," Malloy said. "Known him four or five years."

"We're looking for somebody," the man said. "A con escaped from the Rock last night in the fog. He had a rowboat."

The man stepped over the gunwale into the cockpit of the Baybird. He kept looking everywhere.

"Tough weather," the man said. But he didn't leave the Baybird.

"Sure," Bill Orr said.

The man smiled. He was friendly. He hesitated a moment. Then he said, "I don't like to trouble you but I'll have to look around. I've got orders to search every boat. Sorry." He moved toward the cabin door.

The door opened and the girl put her head out. She said, "Oh," and pulled it in again. There was just time to see that she had taken off her shirt.

"Oh, Billy dear," she called out from inside the cabin. "Do you know where I put my comb."

The man in plain clothes said, "Who's that?"

"That?" Bill Orr said. "Well, that's my wife."

Malloy chuckled.

"Okay," the plain-clothes man said. He was smiling and pulling at his chin with his thumb and forefinger. "Okay," he repeated. "I guess we don't have to

"In Mesopotamia, the dearest old native guide kept saying to me, 'This way, screwball'"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

bother her. Tell her to put both hands out the door."

Even under the strain of the situation Bill Orr could remember her name. He called her Anna but his voice sounded harsher than he intended.

She put her hands out both at the same time.

"Okay," the policeman said. He grinned at Bill Orr. "We're looking for a girl too," he said. "There was a girl brought the boat to help this guy make his break. And she was a tough baby. The guard had one shot before she plugged him." He paused. "Hit her in the hand and knocked a finger off. The left index finger. It's as good as a trademark."

HE CLIMBED back into his launch and gave the order to go ahead. They vanished into the fog. As the sound of the motor died away the Baybird's cabin door opened cautiously and the girl appeared. The man was behind her holding the knife at her back.

"Pretty neat," he said.

He listened to the faint puttering of the launch, grinning at the thick veil surrounding them. At that instant, slipping through some flaw in the fog, the blast of the Alcatraz siren burst into their seclusion. The man stiffened. The grin on his face vanished.

He turned slowly toward the boatman. He said, "I ought to cut your throat for this." He held the knife edge up and it twitched in his hand.

The girl took hold of his arm. "Don't," she said. "Don't do anything like that. He saved you."

"He's a double-crossing rat," the man said. "He had me fooled in this fog but he ain't going to do it again." He looked down at the girl's hand on his arm. "He didn't save me. It was your ten fingers —or Mimi's nine."

He hesitated. "You're like Mimi," he said. "Like enough to be sisters.

"And you've been out in a boat all night too," he said.

He kept looking at the hand on his wrist while the idea took shape in his mind. "You would get ten years," he said. "I guess your double-crossing pal wouldn't be so anxious to send you up for ten years."

He took her by the wrist and forced her to lay her left hand flat on the cabin top. He spread her fingers apart with the point of his knife. "This one," he said, tapping the index finger.

She said, "What do you mean?"

He thrust his face close to hers. "I'm going to cut it off, that's what I mean," he said. "For insurance. Your boy friend won't run around looking for the police to put you in the pen with me. I'd swear you was my Mimi and your own mother couldn't prove different."

BILL ORR had been leaning against the gunwale. He made a move forward but the other man was quick and had the knife raised to strike.

Over her shoulder the girl said, "Stand back." She was white but she spoke distinctly. She said to the man Smith, "I guess I owe you a finger for saving my life."

"You're like Mimi," he said. "You've got guts."

"I want to do it for you," she said. She was staring at her hand on the cabin top. She looked up and smiled at the man. She said, "I'd rather do it myself."

He grinned and let go of her wrist. She moved closer to him and pressed against his shoulder. "I owe it to you and I'm not afraid," she said. "Please, Mr. Smith, let me do it myself."

She held out her right hand for the knife. She spread the other on the deckhouse again.

The instant she had the weapon she jumped clear, holding the long sharp blade in front of her. Over her shoulder she said, "Quick."

Bill Orr was taken by surprise but the one word was enough. He struck the man Smith on the point of the chin and stretched him unconscious on the cockpit floor.

Anna Megg fainted. Bill Orr took her to the cabin and laid her on the bunk and fetched a rope to tie the man's hands and feet. He returned to the cabin and for the second time that day went to work rubbing her hands and bathing her face with a damp cloth.

When they came alongside the landing at the Rock she was standing by the wheel holding Bill Orr's arm with both hands. She had changed into his best Sunday shirt, which was much bigger than Smith's.

The police launch lay on the other side of the slip. A warden and the plain-clothes policeman came down and took the man away. The warden said that Anna Megg was very lucky because the man had a record of three girls like her already. The policeman corrected the number to four. They had just found the girl who had helped with the escape. She was floating in the water with her throat cut.

The policeman said that Bill Orr was the lucky one.

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Dr. William Moulton Marston

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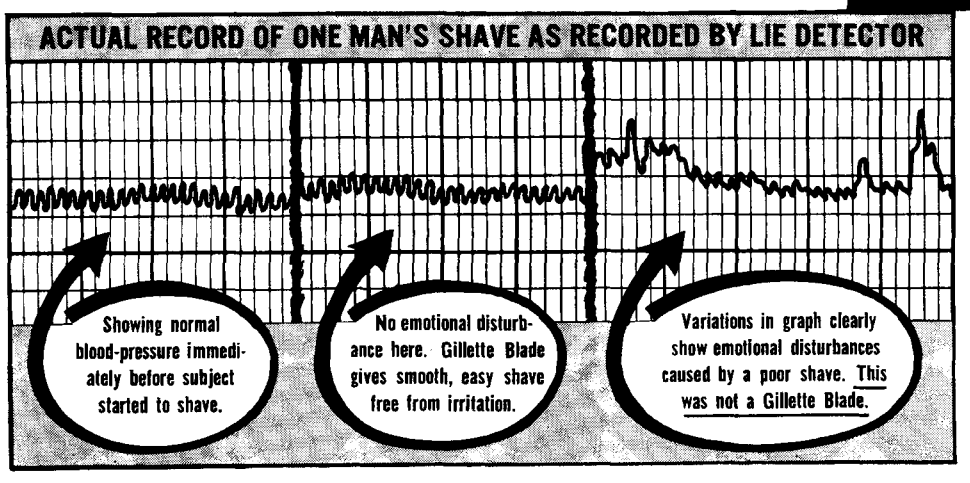
ACTUAL RECORD OF ONE MAN'S SHAVE AS RECORDED BY LIE DETECTOR
Showing normal blood-pressure immediately before subject started to shave.
No emotional disturbance here. Gillette Blade gives smooth, easy shave free from irritation.
Variations in graph clearly show emotional disturbances caused by a poor shave. This was not a Gillette Blade.

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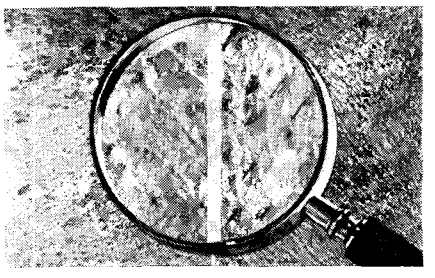

DR. MARSTON PROVES CONCLUSIVELY that a Gillette Blade is easier on your face and shaves you in much less time. The critical eye of the camera reveals that this blade also gives you a much cleaner shave. Shown above (left) is a section of a man's face shaved with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor, (right) another section shaved by another method. Now decide for yourself which gives the clean, close, long-lasting shave you want.

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Troubled Star

Continued from page 19

want to talk to Emery Smith. He runs the newspaper at the college."

"I'm Emery Smith."

"How do I know you're Emery Smith?"

"How do I know you asked for me?" He couldn't decide anything about the voice. "You put in a call for me and here I am."

"Okay. Listen. You're Emery Smith. Well, I'm talkin' for a pal of yours."

It was a flat, cold voice over four hundred miles of wire. "Go ahead and talk," Emery said belligerently. "Which pal?"

"I ain't got time for laughs, buddy. Get bright. And don't name no names. This is a pal that took a powder."

MAXIE! . . . Have Chicago trace the call! No use. It would be a drugstore or a railroad station. Emery fought down his excitement. "I get you. Where is he?"

"I wouldn't know. Do you listen or do I hang up?"

"I'm listening."

"You can do your pal a favor, see? He didn't intend to take this little trip. Havin' to take it kind of annoys him. He says, remember you was talkin' once about a blonde?"

Tuesday afternoon. At Tetlow Inn. "I remember."

"Your pal says to tell you they switched blondes. You had it doped but already they'd give it up with that blonde, before you and him talked. Him and another party had words. A party you know about."

"I know the party."

"Yeah. That party's ridin' your pal now, and your pal don't like the ride. He says to tell you you was right and maybe he would've played ball with that party on the first blonde. But when they switched to another blonde, he unloaded, he wasn't having any. This was a big-time blonde, and your pal said uh-uh, no. So when he found out things had happened, your pal took a powder. Get it?"

"Some of it."

"Yeah. Your pal is peeved. He says this other party must've had words with a third party Friday night. He says you'd be awful interested to know what that party was doin' that night. He says have it looked into. He says take it up with the right parties and you'll all be surprised. Have it looked into, buddy, and you'll be doin' your pal a favor. Just ask the right questions."

There had been a .38 in Snelling's drawer. Just like that. "I get it," Emery managed to say. "I'll have the party looked into. Will my pal talk?"

"That's nice. Okay."

The connection was broken and Emery sat there with the phone in his hand. They had switched blondes. And Julie was asking for Susanna Bradford.

So nobody could prove there was any tie-up between Gilson and Snelling, huh? There was a tie-up that had ended with a .38.

But then Snelling must know all about Julie! He knew about her from Gilson himself. And Julie had started for that house—or had left that house. Julie had been there when Gilson was shot. She knew! And Snelling was—at large! *"Don't leave me alone!"* That wasn't so funny now.

No time. No time even for Alec. He went out of the Daily building on the run. But there was Perry's car, just stopping. He made it in one stride. "Get going!" he shouted. "Pick up the first cop you see."

THERE was no way for them to know that their little margin of time had run out almost to its last grain of sand. But after Betty's disclosure Alec and Dean Hannan had forgotten their urgency in the triumph of finding the lost piece that enabled them to fit the puzzle together. Susanna had gone back to her high stool; healed of desperation, she seemed to watch and to be content, and you could see the very cells of her body finding peace at last. As for Betty—with that announcement the spring that had kept her going had been bent too far and would not recoil. It was as if a sword that had been pointed at her heart was withdrawn. She could feel herself breaking up into immense weariness and the need for tears. It was over; it was finished; they had lived through it; they were safe.

Dreambound, she answered while they made her tell the story over and over, and they seemed to be at a great distance. She kept asking, "You're sure?" Alec or the dean would say, "Of course!" and go on asking questions. Whenever they got back to the burning of the slipper, the dean groaned; but now there was humor, even affection, in his eyes. Alec said once, "It doesn't matter—Julie can identify the one we've got." So there was another ordeal ahead of Julie—but nothing could be terrible now.

It was Alec, not the dean, who had taken charge, Alec as he had been long ago, his mind running free and powerfully, unimaginably relieved. Why, all of them! It was a kind of celebration in this odd, rustic room with the big fire—a reunion of old friends who now had nothing to conceal.

So finally Alec began to work out the times. Betty couldn't help him much. No one knew when Julie had left the dance. Betty and Emery and Perry had got to the Daily at five minutes to two, and the dean said the hospital had booked Julie at twenty minutes past three. Betty had no idea how long it had taken her to get help or what time it had been when she stumbled over Julie in the path, or even when she had left the Gamma house to go to Alec's. It might be two minutes or it might be half an hour after she had said good night to Perry.

"And Perry's half-hour," Alec said. "He told you that Julie had got her coat half an hour before. That might be ten minutes or an hour. . . . But it was five minutes to two when you were at the Daily. You'd been to the Gamma house and you went from there to the Daily. Half an hour before one-fifty-five would make it one-twenty-five. Julie had left the dance by then, quite certainly."

He turned to Susanna. "You left Gilson's at one-thirty-five—that can't be far wrong. You'd been there two or three minutes—not possibly more than five. It doesn't work out. Julie was either getting there or already there when you arrived."

"She wasn't there," Susanna said.

"You just stood there and decided it had been foolish to come?"

SUSANNA nodded and simultaneously they all got to the same place. The dean began, "But the remaining forty minutes—" and Betty said, "She was in the bedroom!" and Alec's "Of course!" shouted them down. His face lighted with a satisfaction that would have been ghastly if it hadn't seemed so far away. "She was only a minute or two ahead of Suzanne—and she too found no one there. When she heard Suzanne coming, she hid in the bedroom. And our three gold cigarette butts mean that she came out and waited for Gilson when Suzanne had gone. We've got forty minutes to account for—three cigarettes is exactly right. She sat there smoking and waiting for him. Then she heard him coming—and heard someone with him. She made a dash for the bedroom. They came in quarreling."

Alec paused, and his face had certainty in it. "It's quite clear what they were quarreling about. When Suzanne told Gilson she'd marry him, he decided to break free of Snelling, whom he'd been conspiring with. Marriage with Suzanne was the one thing that could protect him from Snelling's power to blackmail him, so when she broke with him there was nothing to do but go back to the game they'd planned. Snelling wanted her compromised—or worse. He wanted her at Gilson's, and Gilson had persuaded her to come. But she didn't come. They were quarreling about that. It looked like a double-cross."

His face was terrible and stern. "They quarreled. And pretty soon Gilson was goaded to the kind of insane attack he made on me. So Snelling shot him. And Julie, in the bedroom, heard hell breaking loose and went out the window. A minute or two later Snelling walked out the front door."

The dean said angrily, "At least there

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is the evidence of some IOU's against Maxie! At least Maxie left town! But now you make a murderer of Snelling because he knew Susanna was engaged! Alec, you must stop hanging men on personal dislike!"

"He's hung himself—he broke the story of that engagement, which he could know only from Gilson. He can have learned much more, since she ended it. He can have learned from Gilson that she had been married. Maybe one or the other of them guessed that she was married to me. At any rate, Oliver, we can ask the police to deal with him."

But Betty broke in, "But why did Julie go there? She hadn't—hadn't arranged to go there. I know! She couldn't have! And when did she get the slippers and the nightgown? She didn't have them at the dance. Why should she leave the dance to get them? Why should she go at all?"

Alec at once began to circle that. "She was certainly not wanted there. No one could have asked her—sent her a message or phoned her. We can't believe in intuition. We can only call it accident till we know—"

"Why," Susanna said, from the high stool, "why don't you ask her?"

IT WAS a simple question but they were still so hypnotized that it came near being a futile one too. Alec said, "Why, we're too clever! We'd scorn that—we prefer to think it out. Come on—let's go to the hospital!" But Betty pleaded, "Let her sleep tonight! They'll put her to sleep—please let her have this one night. Tomorrow will be terrible for her."

And the dean, looking at his watch, said, "It's nearly eight o'clock. The hospital wouldn't want us to—let's set the police on Snelling. But first—you people may be too spiritual for food, but I'm hungry."

But Alec's drive sufficed. "She'll sleep sounder if she knows she needn't be terrified any longer. Why are you a dean if you can't give orders to the hospital? Are we going to be fools forever?"

But they were still so unwary that it was like starting out on a party when Betty offered to drive them in Emery's car. They squeezed in, the dean next to Betty, and he said genially, "You may sit on Alec's knees, Mrs. Cornish," and that seemed gay and delightful. Betty got the car started and was just thinking that she would have to go down along Shagbark Pond and past the Women's Quadrangle, when gaiety and delight were broken off short.

For Alec suddenly said, "Drive fast, Betty!" and groaned. She obeyed, sending the car in a spurt down the icy drive, and once more an unfocused dread possessed her. His voice was desperate again. "Fools straight through to the end! He knew about Julie as fully as about Suzanne—Emery even thinks the whole thing was first planned for her. Suzanne is in his papers—why hasn't Julie been? Why hasn't he printed it? He could guess as much from a blue slipper as we can!"

NOT understanding, she was nevertheless terrified again, who had been delivered from terror, and she felt the dean at her side grow tense. Alec said, in pure agony, "He has held it out—and he knows from the slipper that she was there! Why has no one put a guard at her door?"

So this was once more the terrible night it had started in to be. Down the dark curves along the pond, her teeth caught on her lip, past Fraternity Row, past the Women's Quadrangle—and she could see Julie's pale face, and now she understood that pitiful plea, "Don't leave me alone!" The car seemed not to move, to be clogged and rooted. The dean muttered, "Let it be only blackmail, only a threat to keep her silent," and she shuddered and at last swung the car northward again. Let it be nothing at all! Let them find Julie mercifully sleeping and unaware!

The tires slid at a curve and she made the skid worse by using the brake, but they were all right again, and this was the nurses' home, and just beyond it was the hospital. She stopped at the door, and somehow they were out of the car, and they crowded up the wide stone stairs.

Through the big doors—to the last tableau of all. The long corridor stretched away under dim lights for an endless distance till, far away, it opened in a white rotunda dazzlingly lighted. At that distance they could see the tall, spidery figure of the Zimmerman reporter. . . . They were never to find out exactly what he had intended to do but only that he had been there before and that this time, a persuasive lie succeeding, he was going up. An attendant in white ducks was standing by him, and as they came through the wide doors the elevator came down and its door opened and Snelling stepped toward it.

But the big doors behind them opened again and people were running past. She saw Emery and a uniformed policeman. Alec had started to run too and Emery was yelling. The scene slowed to bright, unforgettable clarity, to a dream frozen in horror. What Emery had shouted was "Grab him!" The policeman hesitated for a small part of a second, but Snelling didn't hesitate. Emery launched himself at the repulsive figure and there was a blinding flash and a shot boomed between these walls, and Betty had screamed and had heard Susanna scream, and Emery and the policeman and Snelling had gone down in a writhing heap on the floor. At once Alec and the man in white ducks and, somehow, Perry Henderson too joined that pile. It heaved for a moment, and then Emery was on his feet and blood showed along his cheek. And Betty had her arms round him, and he said, "Missed me! But I raked something."

He tried to put her aside but she clung hard and anyway it wasn't necessary, for they had Snelling on his feet now, and people were rushing into the white rotunda, which spun and slanted in her eyes, but she knew she was in Emery's arms again and Emery was safe.

THE three men had gone to the police station, and Susanna took Betty back to Alec's in a taxicab. She cried quietly on Susanna's shoulder, but for Susanna there were no tears, there was only a compassionate warmth and a great tenderness. To wait, to wait with urgency and a longing that irradiated every cell of her body—but to wait with knowledge, with rapturous anticipation.

There had been moments of tumult when the rotunda filled with hospital officials, expertly handled by Dean Hannan. There had been a moment in the sixth-floor corridor where—so nearly had their margin of safety run out—the supervisor was expecting Snelling with an emergency message from Julie's family.

There had been a brief stay in Julie's room, Betty kneeling by the bed to murmur, "It's all right, Julie." Once understanding, Julie had talked herself from terror to self-control and finally to a composure that rested on simple truth and simple courage. But she had little to tell that Alec had not already guessed.

"I was too petrified to understand. Only that Carl was supposed to get you there and you hadn't come. Snelling kept yelling things about his boss and your father. And yelling that this was the showdown, that Carl had double-crossed him, that he was going to get Carl!"

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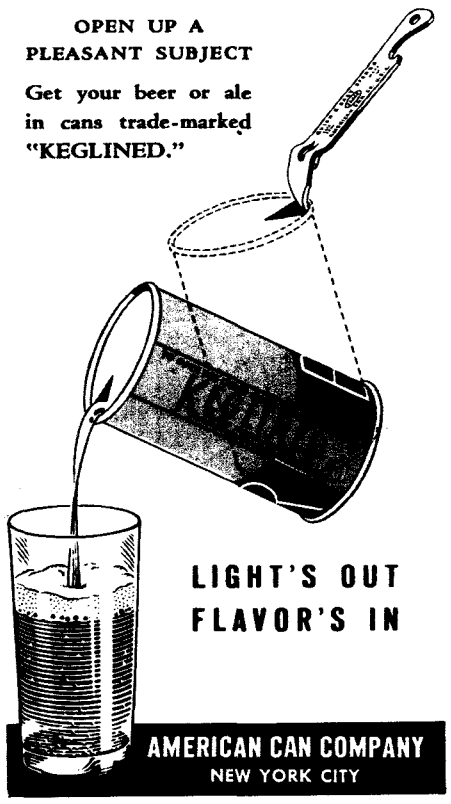

LIGHT'S OUT FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

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"What was Carl saying?" Alec asked.

"He was yelling too. I don't know—I was too scared. That Susanna had been willing to marry him—she certainly ought to be willing to come to his house. Then he was yelling at Snelling to shut up. Then they were fighting and I hung out of the window and dropped. My leg hurt but I heard a shot and had to run."

She would have been willing to go on but the dean soon ended it. He said, "You'll have to tell it tomorrow," and Julie nodded and said, "I'd like to tell Perry first," and the dean said, "I think the nurse will let him stay for a moment —but only a moment. Good night, my child."

To tell Perry. They would all be telling one another—and all that time, Susanna felt, would be time wasted, time dragging on, but at last it would end and the others would be gone! And in the corridor it was possible to laugh—and so to realize that the world had come together again, could be faced, could be accepted, could be depended on. Betty stopped a passing intern and asked fiercely, "Can't injured people get any help in this damn' hospital? Will you please fix this man's cheek?" And the intern, a pretty girl's face thrust almost in his own, said, "Sister, if you used your fingernails, he'll have to have antitetanus." And, a strip of gauze taped on Emery's cheek, the three went on in his car to see Chief Allen and to make the all-important telephone calls, and the two girls were in a taxi and Betty was crying on Susanna's shoulder.

Betty had earned that release but Susanna had no need of it. The world was clear and quiet, and the sun was on it. The sun was on it!—as on a stream flowing in white, singing spray under a summer sky, though it ran between banks deep with shadow. In that shadow was the murder of a man who had once seemed dear to her, in that shadow was an attempt at unspeakable betrayal, and the risk of death, and such twisted passions as the sun now made unbelievable —but there was the sun.

Betty said, "I couldn't see it through —I blew up." Susanna said, "You did see it through—this is just the tax your nerves take when it's over," and Betty mused, "Are you made of steel—haven't you got any nerves?" Why, she had thought herself made of many things, ice and eiderdown and folly, but she was made of woman's flesh, eager and not too patient.

"To see the man you—to see Emery shot at!"

Betty's voice was distilled horror and she shuddered in Susanna's arms.

THEY came to the shabby little shack and Susanna built up the fire, while Betty found the mirror in the bedroom and made good the damage to her eyes. She came back smiling, tired but enchanting — this soft, warm loyalty, proved in the testing fire! "No more hysterics," Betty said. "I don't care what happens now — except I wish they'd hurry back." Her glance moved serenely about the room, with its bare chairs, its drawing table, its disorderly stacks of papers and mathematical instruments and test tubes. "I love this room," Betty said. "What incredible things have happened here. Think how the four of us were here the night it all started—the night you brought me from the Tetlow Inn."

Yes. Alec's monastic workroom had seen the surge of incredibly crossed emotions trying to find their true way. And it had seen them burst through the doubts and lies and misunderstandings that six years of denial had built up. "I was here three quarters of an hour, late at night," Susanna said. "So I know it takes three quarters of an hour to find rock bottom in your heart."

"You ought to see yourself now—when you're saying that! You're beautiful, Susanna. . . . And then you thought he'd killed a man for your sake. And you knew what to do. I think," Betty said softly, "neither of you will be sorry to remember that."

Alec and Emery and the dean came, bringing sandwiches and cartons of hot coffee. The dean said, lugubriously, "Among the things I've told your father is where you are. And why you won't be home till late. I've told him how late." She smiled at him but had little attention for the talk that billowed in the firelit room. It was a bright oasis, the talk of friends before a fire, with a cold winter night outside and, besides that darkness, the gloom of great turmoil and terror also shut out.

IT WAS a necessity for the men to go over and over the story but not for Susanna. Not for Betty, either, who sat beside Emery on a hard chair and sometimes captured his gesticulating hand, sometimes leaned her cheek against his shoulder. Two women tolerant of the men's repetitions but impatient for them to end, two women at peace in the firelight that denied the blackness beyond.

But through her warm reverie she heard Alec's voice leap up. "A dozen chances to forestall the plot, even to prevent the murder! But none of us ever saw them—none of us ever knew enough. I think," he said slowly, "the basic trouble was that none of us ever knew quite how to take Carl Gilson. None of us realized he was a little mad. . . . He was —he must have been. Killed by his own imagination!"

Alec looked at Susanna, the gentleness in his eyes turning to solemnity. "At first," he said, "it was just Gilson's private game. He would capture your interest, get himself talked about in connection with you, perhaps enlist your father's support—that would help him hold his job against the department chairman. The letters were his invention to make you his champion, to bind you to him. It was a clever notion, if slightly mad, and it succeeded. But then Snelling, who had been using Gilson as a spy, recognized his chance. Snelling was a far different man from Gilson, a politician, a man who dealt with thugs and racketeers, a potential murderer—and he was playing for high stakes. He could use any scandal, and maybe he'd planned the frame-up that Emery thinks he had for Julie, possibly even intending to use Gilson—"

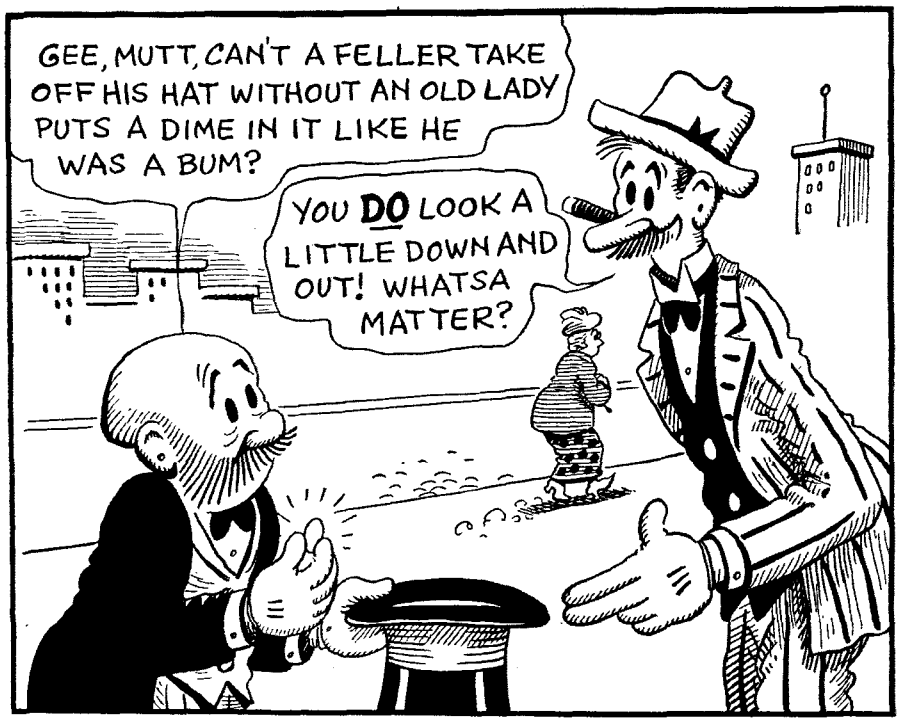
"He'd planned it," Emery said. "My pal Maxie says so, and my pal knows—"

"Say he had planned it. But if there was a chance to involve the president's daughter—that was no little headline, that could be important. It might be the knockout blow. Best of all would be to blackmail your father — who would, Snelling presumed, make any sacrifice to protect the name and reputation of his daughter and of her husband—into withdrawing the bills that the Zimmerman machine had set out to kill. If blackmail wouldn't work, if your father said 'publish and be damned,' why then, publish, smear the college, jam through the committee on the morals of Morrison—get it started holding meetings—make a big uproar—pick up votes in the legislature against the bills. Once he saw his chance, he put the screws on Gilson to help out."

"Do you mean that Carl consented to?" Susanna asked.

"I think so—at first. He was desperate —and a little mad. About to be fired by the dean, threatened with exposure by Snelling, who had paid him for college secrets, under threat from Maxie Blotz who was Snelling's hired man and who held his IOU's—I think so, Suzanne. I think he meant cold-bloodedly to get you involved in a scandal that could be made a public disgrace—the appearance or the

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


GEE, MUTT, CAN'T A FELLER TAKE OFF HIS HAT WITHOUT AN OLD LADY PUTS A DIME IN IT LIKE HE WAS A BUM?
YOU DO LOOK A LITTLE DOWN AND OUT! WHATSA MATTER?
SH! CONSTIPATED! IT'S GETTING ME DOWN. SIR SIDNEY SAYS I DON'T GET ENOUGH "BULK"!
BULK! BULK! SAY, WHAT YOU NEED IS KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! EAT IT EVERY DAY! YOU'LL LIKE IT!
YOU MEAN THAT BREAKFAST CEREAL? SURE I'LL TRY IT!
SOMETIME LATER
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! I'M GOING TO INVITE JEFF TO MY PARTY FOR THE WINDSORS! HE LOOKS LIKE A NEW MAN!
WELL, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT. HE IS A NEW MAN SINCE HE JOINED THE ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
Fisher

IF you are troubled with common constipation, here's some common-sense advice. This difficulty is usually due to lack of "*bulk*" in the diet. So why not get at its *cause?* Instead of taking emergency medicines, eat a natural *bulk-producing* food—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran also contains nature's great intestinal tonic, vitamin B_1. Eat it every *day*, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A Natural Laxative Cereal

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actuality of seduction, or some orgy at Maxie's place—whatever was feasible. But—the game went better than he could have expected and—it's easy to fall in love with you, my dear. Those mysterious letters, those imaginary enemies, that beautiful injustice—they did a good job and you were ready to promise to marry him. And, suddenly, that was his way out. The way out of everything. Married to the president's daughter, he wouldn't be fired. Married to you, he would be beyond Snelling's power to injure him—he could face down any disclosures that might be made. He would be safe."

Alec seemed to think that she would flinch or cry out, but she smiled at him serenely and he went on. "Once you were married he could have laughed at Dean Hannan and Snelling alike. But things happened. They happened fast. I unmasked him as the author of the letters. Snelling presently cracked down. So now his enemies were real—Snelling, his employer and collaborator, and I. It was no feigned desperation when he told you that you must be married at once. I had confronted him and Snelling had commanded him to go through with the plan—at the time when the big vote was coming in the legislature. Not only your father's success but Zimmerman's senatorship hung on that vote—"

"If I had listened to you!" Susanna said. "If I had even looked at Carl Gilson, just once, as sensibly as any coed looks at any college boy—"

"Let's not squander any regret," Dean Hannan interrupted. "It was none of us killed him. He was shot by a partner in blackmail, in conspiracy, by a man who had bought information from him, who was buying betrayal from him."

ALEC silenced them. "That was his crisis. Married to Suzanne, he would be safe from all us persecutors—surely the man was mad by now! But she wouldn't marry him, first because I told her that her divorce might be worthless, then because she found out about him at last. There was nothing to do but join hands with Snelling. Whatever had been planned, Snelling was now demanding it, under a variety of threats. He had to consent. He enticed Suzanne to his house. But she didn't come." Alec sat down and lighted a pipe. Another symbol of peace achieved—that he could smoke before a crackling fire. He added simply, "The rest we know."

"I don't," Betty said. "They teach us to use our minds at Morrison, but I've worked mine tonight till it's got a Charley horse. I still don't see what they were going to do to Susanna."

Alec shrugged. "Some variant of the badger game. A rejected fiancé calls a woman to his house late at night, with his partner there who had given up one scandal story for a more promising one—it would be sufficiently picturesque. Besides, Suzanne was now his enemy too, his persecutor. She had snatched safety from his grasp and that must be avenged. Oh, he would try charm first. If that wouldn't work, there remained—force. And publicity or the threat of it." His face hardened, then relaxed. "We don't have to find out exactly what it was to be. That's a job for the district attorney."

Emery broke in. "If Maxie hadn't run out on Snelling, it would have been the Tetlow Inn, or Maxie's hotel at Brookfield."

"Brookfield!" Susanna cried. "Julie and I were both to go to Brookfield on our honeymoons."

"Yeah," Emery said eloquently. "But Maxie said no when it came to you. They had to work without him, so that's why you got invited to Gilson's house. Maxie was willing to frame a coed but he was scared of the big time. So he ran out on Snelling—and Snelling got a lot back when he told the police it must have been Maxie who did the murder. Nice people, my pal and old Bill."

"We know that Maxie got police protection from the Zimmerman machine," Dean Hannan said. "We don't know the rest of it. We don't know he was working with Snelling, we don't know he quarreled with Snelling—"

"WE DON'T, huh?" Emery said rudely to the dean of Liberal Arts. "My pal sent me his word by telephone. I saw them scrapping. So did a reporter of mine. I saw the thugs Maxie brought in—when Snelling cracked down with an arrest. Yes—" he scowled at them—"who was right from the beginning? Both those blondes were at Tetlow Inn that first night—and Snelling hiding in my car. Why? Maybe he tried to force the issue that night and brought on that fight. Maybe Maxie had told him he wouldn't sit in any longer. Maybe that was the first quarrel."

"It will come out at the trial," Alec said. "If Maxie will talk."

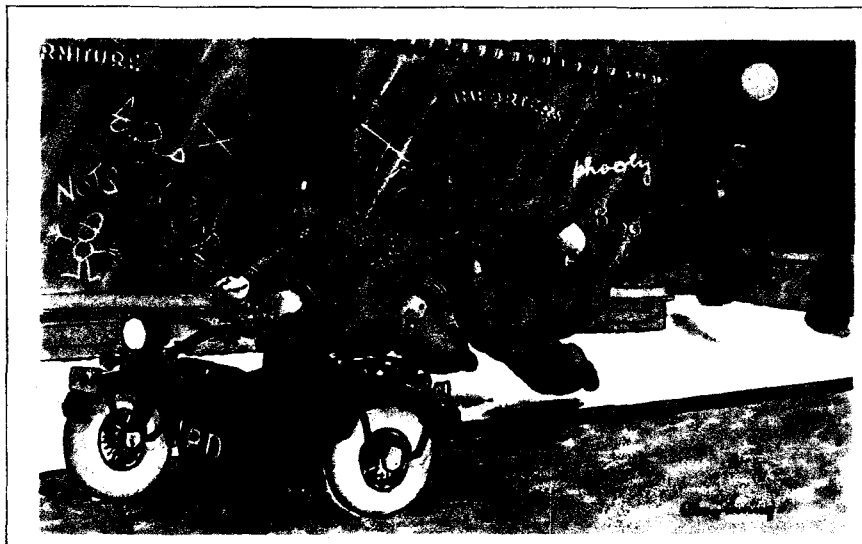
"He's my pal. As a pal, I wouldn't put a nickel on it."

"Why," the dean said, "if she is reported to my office I will remember that she has helped put the president's bills through the legislature." His voice was suddenly fierce. "It would be pleasant to know if Henry Zimmerman's own hand has been in all this—or if he deals in blackmail and murder only by means of agents. He is licked for all time—made impotent forever—and his own papers will have to describe his employee's murder trial!" Oliver Hannan looked desolate. "How can I ever be content again as a mere dean of Liberal Arts?" His small hands moved. "You are still under my authority, Betty. Come to my place to tea sometimes. And have the sagacity not to bring Smith with you." His faded eyes held them in gentleness.

Betty was looking at him and her mouth quivered, but the words, Susanna knew, were not focused on those two alone. The dean confirmed her with a glance that moved on to Alec. He said, "Good night, Professor," and went out.

Betty whispered, "The darling! The poor man is almost dead. And to go home and work the rest of the night."

"Don't waste your pity," Alec said.



JAY IRVING

The dean increased the solemnity that had come back with Alec's summary. "A good deal will come out at the trial." His gaze moved among them. "It is pleasant to sit here congratulating one another. But have you forgotten that the papers are already on the streets suggesting that Susanna murdered Carl Gilson?"

Susanna said, evenly, "We can't stop that." And Alec said, "He did what damage he could. But the next extras will have the truth."

The dean gestured toward them all. "Even so—have you forgotten you'll all be witnesses in court? The man was not worth hell room, but the man was murdered. It will be a murder trial. You've only begun your careers in the press."

No one would be appalled. Alec was looking at Susanna, who gave him back the same secret, impatient gaze. Emery shrugged, "I'm in the business myself." And Betty said, "After the last two weeks, getting written up in the papers will seem like a day off in the country. Poor Julie! But Julie will be okay, Dean Hannan. She stood the worst—she'll stand the not-so-bad."

The dean stood up. "I see. Murder trials are child's play—in this hymeneal atmosphere. Then permit me to leave you. There are a few negligible things to attend to."

Weariness swathed him, a small, a miniature man, not strong at best, who now seemed to grow more worn as they watched. But Emery said, "Hey, before you go—is it all right if my girl breaks the late-permission rule? I bet she got excited and forgot to sign out."

"The dean is most refreshed when he seems nearest to collapse. And most dangerous when he seems most innocent. Does he know everything? Does he read the future and absorb information through his skin?"

"No," Betty said, "that's Emery. You make out pretty well too, Alec."

"How are you a professor?" Emery inquired.

"Why," Alec said cheerfully, "it's dead men's shoes. There's a vacancy on the faculty. I'm staying at Morrison."

"Darling," Betty said, "you hold telephone conversations with criminals and miss things. I stick here prying and peeping and I learn things. You haven't heard—this is a true married pair."

"How would I get to find out? You lie and lie."

BETTY had gone to get her coat from Alec's drawing table. She stopped, at that, and came back and stood in front of him—oh, slender and rounded, young loveliness serene and eager, a sweet gravity in her face. "I did lie to you," she said. "I would again."

"If you wouldn't," Emery said simply, "how could any of us stick together?"

"Then," Betty said, "don't be shy of these two, don't think they'll mind—you haven't kissed me for hours. For half a lifetime!"

Two tears were on her cheek when she stepped back from his kiss, and she said unsteadily, "Let me run the risk if there's ever another gun to get in front of." She must have seen the tears in Susanna's eyes, for she said, "Don't bawl about me. I've got where I want to be," and came and kissed Susanna's cheek. They clung to each other, Betty whispering, "It's been so dark—we've got to get used to the light again. Both of us, Susanna! Alec Cornish is the one who wins—Emery just gets the typical college girl, from Schulz, Indiana. But that's what he wants."

"Are you," Emery was asking Alec, "are you two married? Has that been mixed up in it too? How did that come out?"

"We are," Alec said, "or else we aren't. We were."

"They're going to be," Betty said, holding out her coat.

EMERY said above her shoulders, "We've never had a break! We got engaged one minute and walked into a murder case the next. I don't give you engagement rings, I give you newspaper headlines. And never a moment to ourselves. Lord, how I hate crowds!"

"Just possibly Alec does too," Betty suggested.

He shook Alec's hand. "See you in court. I had a strong hunch I'd see you in the dock. Well, my notions may be odd but you can count on my eyes. From shiner to shiner." He touched his bandage. "It began with a black eye and it finishes with another one. Smith, the half-animate punching bag."

"Smith," Betty said, "the man who stays on talking when it's dark outside. Gloriously dark, darling, and all that long way to the Gamma house, miles and miles if you take the right road, and all the time we want."

They left on that. Cold air came through the door, and a glimpse of light on frozen snow. The door closed. The door closed! The music need be muted no longer.

"Let me say it, Alec!"

"What is there to say?"

Everything. Nothing. She shook her head. "There's no need to humble ourselves—to talk of reparation—no need to say anything. Only—" why, sometime there might be tears for a man needlessly dead, for arrogance and folly, for the twist and failure of things, but the tears that suddenly stung her eyes were for something else. "You told me once we learn under a club—it's beaten into us. I can regret the years we lost! I can tell you it has been beaten into me with a club!"

"Suzanne," he said, "we go terribly wrong when we talk."

"I know! . . . Give me a moment, Alec. Why do we need the club? Why can't we be like those two children? They love each other, and they say so, and they kiss each other and go out in the glorious dark! She said, 'I've got where I want to be.' Why do I need six years, a murder, the thought that it was you who killed him—why do I need all that to teach me where I want to be?"

"You stood here and thought I had killed him, and you did what you could for me."

"You said, 'There was murder in my heart.' Oh, it isn't that we lie and lie—you're right, Alec, it's that we talk and talk! My dear, am I where you want me to be?"

SO IT was in his arms that she heard the chimes strike midnight, over the snow. She turned her face away to whisper, "Three times I heard them strike and you weren't here. But I was here, Alec. So at last and very slowly I went home."

"Yes," he said. "But that was Friday night. You aren't going home tonight, Suzanne, you're staying home."

"If I am to keep faith with Dean Hannan's intuition!" She laughed softly against his cheek. "The dean will be desolate when he has had time to consider. For all his forethought, he didn't pack a week-end bag for me."

THE END

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LEADERS IN SOUND-TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

Pass Master

Continued from page 24

Sweetwater High School teams in 1931 and 1932, and those teams are still fondly remembered around the Panhandle. But Sam was not the bright and shining light of the Sweetwater squad. The stickout star was a carrot-thatched youngster named Ney Sheridan. In the match for the district title, Sweetwater played Big Spring, and when the game was over, Sam sat on his dressing-room bench and watched the college scouts swarm around the redhead. Ney decided to go to Texas, and tried to persuade Sam to come along. But Sam was busy with baseball as soon as the football season was over, and the thought of college gridirons faded with the comforting feel of hitting a fast curve ball.

Sammy likes baseball as well, if not better than football, and in those days because he couldn't get enough baseball with the Sweetwater High team, he also played third base for the Abilene town team. Abilene has a traditional series each spring with the T. C. U. baseball team, and when Dutch Meyer, the Horned Frogs' diamond coach, saw Sam whip strikes from third base, he fell in love with the kid's grace and poise.

After the series was over, Dutch spoke to Sam, and then reported to T. C. U.'s football coach: "There's a kid named Baugh playing third base for the Abilene club, and he's a real ballplayer. I understand he also plays a little football for Sweetwater. I don't know what he can do with a football, but I sure would like to see him at third base on my ball team." The T. C. U coach at that time was Francis "Show Them No Mercy" Schmidt, now at Ohio State.

"Okay," said Schmidt, "we'll do our best. I'm sorry we couldn't get that Sheridan from Sweetwater, though. There's a real football player."

But an alumnus of the University of Texas was working on Baugh, and when he convinced Sam that Uncle Billy Disch, who's been coaching baseball at the state university for twenty-eight years, would take good care of him, Sam went up to Austin to talk to Uncle Billy.

"You can be a big leaguer, son," said Disch, after watching him work out for a few days, "but not if you play football. That's too rough. You'll hurt your shoulder or your knee, and then you won't be able to play either baseball or football. Take my advice, and give up football. This game can be your living, if you'll give it half a chance."

To the Front Line Trenches

Fortunately for Sammy, he weighed the advice and then decided not to take it. The pigskin urge was too great. Disch is a kindly old gentleman, and when Sam made up his mind Uncle Bill did something that still burns up the alumni association at Texas. He loaned Baugh enough money to get to T. C. U.

In the fall of 1933, Sam reported for freshman football. Dutch Meyer was the frosh coach, and Dutch remembered the gangling kid as the third baseman he had liked so much the year before. He asked Trainer Albert Smith to keep an eye on him. After a couple of minutes, Smith made his first report:

"Dutch, that kid Baugh is too lean and fragile to be a football player. He can't play the kind of football we play in this conference."

But Dutch Meyer knew something of military history, and he knew that Napoleon often disregarded a lieutenant's advice, sometimes merely to show authority. So Dutch went over to look at the kid himself. Luckily, at the moment Meyer neared him, Baugh heaved a long forward pass. He was on the freshman team from that moment on.

The next year, Schmidt got his offer from Ohio State, and when he accepted, the T. C. U. authorities wisely promoted the Dutchman to the varsity post. He brought Baugh along to the front-line trenches with him. You see, Sam was sort of the Dutchman's boy.

He went along for a year and a half as just another football player. But Dutch never gave up on him. He knew the kid had football heart, and football savvy. Another thing that further endeared him to Dutch was the fact that Baugh was always the first to report for practice and the last to leave the field. He passed, he kicked, he tackled the dummy for hours and hours on end. During the summer, he rigged up a swing in his back yard. Only, instead of having a seat on the swing, he hung an automobile tire on the ropes. He'd take a football, have his kid brother push the tire so it swung like a grandfather clock's pendulum, and then he tried to throw the football through the opening. Sam finally got so he could do it. By 1935, he was really a star. Oddly enough, it was against Arkansas, in his junior year, that he caught fire—a fire opponents tried in vain to extinguish.

Setting a Pro League Record

You sit with him today and ask him how he'd advise a kid if the youngster wanted to become a good football player. "The best way to become a good football player is to play football." That's the way he did it, and it's the only way he knows. Judging from the results in his case, it can't be a bad method.

He played three sports at T. C. U. and got nine varsity letters for his troubles, but he still found time enough to study. During his four years at the Fort Worth emporium of knowledge, he not only never flunked a course, but he managed to amass a better than B average.

Sam set a new pro league record last fall when he completed 81 out of 171 forward passes, for a total gain of 1,127 yards. In his first pro game, against the best football players in the country, he completed 11 out of 16 passes, and his receivers dropped the other five! That's better passing than a guy could do with loaded dice!

Right now, Sam is no ball of fire in baseball, and if he doesn't make the big leagues in 1939 he's going to quit the diamond. He intends to play about two or at most three more years of professional football, and then settle down with his new bride—his college sweetheart—wherever he finds a job coaching. That's his real ambition. This year, he helped Bear Wolf coach at the spring practice session at North Carolina, and maybe he'll take a job as Bear's assistant when he's through with the pros. Or maybe he'll go back and help Dutch Meyer at T. C. U.

Yes, Samuel Adrian Baugh has come a long way since that March morning in 1914, and he's traveled all the way on his right arm, plus an infinite capacity for taking pains. That is supposed to be the hallmark of genius, but Sammy disclaims being a genius. "It's just hard work and plenty of practice that taught me how to pass. Anybody can do it."

Anyone could have invented the electric light, too, but they all waited for a man named Edison to come along. Come to think of it, he practiced a lot, too. Maybe Sammy's got something there.

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None But the Brave

Continued from page 23

corners of his mouth go into little knots.

"Come on, Spence," I said, "take it easy."

"Go to hell," he said. "And you too," he added, looking Williams in the eye.

The sergeant picked up his Webley and got to his feet, slowly.

"Spencer," he said, "I order you to go to bed and pipe down."

Spencer stood irresolute for a moment, then started to reach for his own gun.

"Don't!" Williams barked. He had Spence covered now.

Spencer's hand paused in mid-air and they stood there eying each other for about ten seconds more. Nobody said a word or moved a finger. Then Spence's gaze dropped, and Williams threw his gun back on the bunk and stepped up to him.

"Take it easy, boy," he said, taking Spencer by the arm. "I know how you feel."

SPENCER didn't say anything, and Sergeant Williams went back to his bunk and started wiping the burnt cork off with a piece of towel that was even blacker than his face.

"What about Joe's boots?" somebody said.

"What about 'em?" I said.

"Well, it seems a shame to have the gravediggers get them."

"Yes," said the sergeant, "it would be a shame, all right. Why don't one of you boys go up and take them off him? If you don't, the body robbers'll get 'em, sure as hell."

Everybody seemed to think that was a good idea, but nobody made a move or even an offer to do the job.

Then, all of a sudden, Dick Patterson got up and put his tin hat on.

"I'll do it," he said.

There was a chorus of "Atta boy!" and he disappeared up the steps.

I fell to thinking about Dick's volunteering to do that, and I figured it was a mild form of bravado and perfectly understandable under the circumstances. It wasn't a pleasant job to go up there in the dark and take a pair of boots off a dead man, and I admired his guts. Or, perhaps, what I admired was his wanting to have guts.

But after a while Dick came down the stairs again, and he didn't have the boots with him.

He looked a bit pale, I thought, but maybe it was just the candlelight, or not being familiar with the habits of the dead.

"You'll have to give me a hand, Andy," he said. "Somebody's got to hold him by the shoulders while I yank the boots off."

"All right," I said, "I'll give you a hand."

We climbed up the stairs and came out into the trench. I paused for a moment to let my eyes adjust themselves to the dark. A star shell burst, a little to our left.

I gasped.

There was Joe, standing right in front of me, his back leaning against the wall of the trench, wrapped in a blanket, headless.

"He must have slipped down," said Dick.

Involuntarily, I reached forward to throw the blanket over the ghastly wound. Joe toppled over sideways and fell to the duckboards. The star shell went out.

"You should have told me," I said. "You—you—"

"I'm sorry," said Dick.

"*You're* sorry!" I yelled at him. "Getting me up here to see my pal like that! It's enough to send a man out of his mind!"

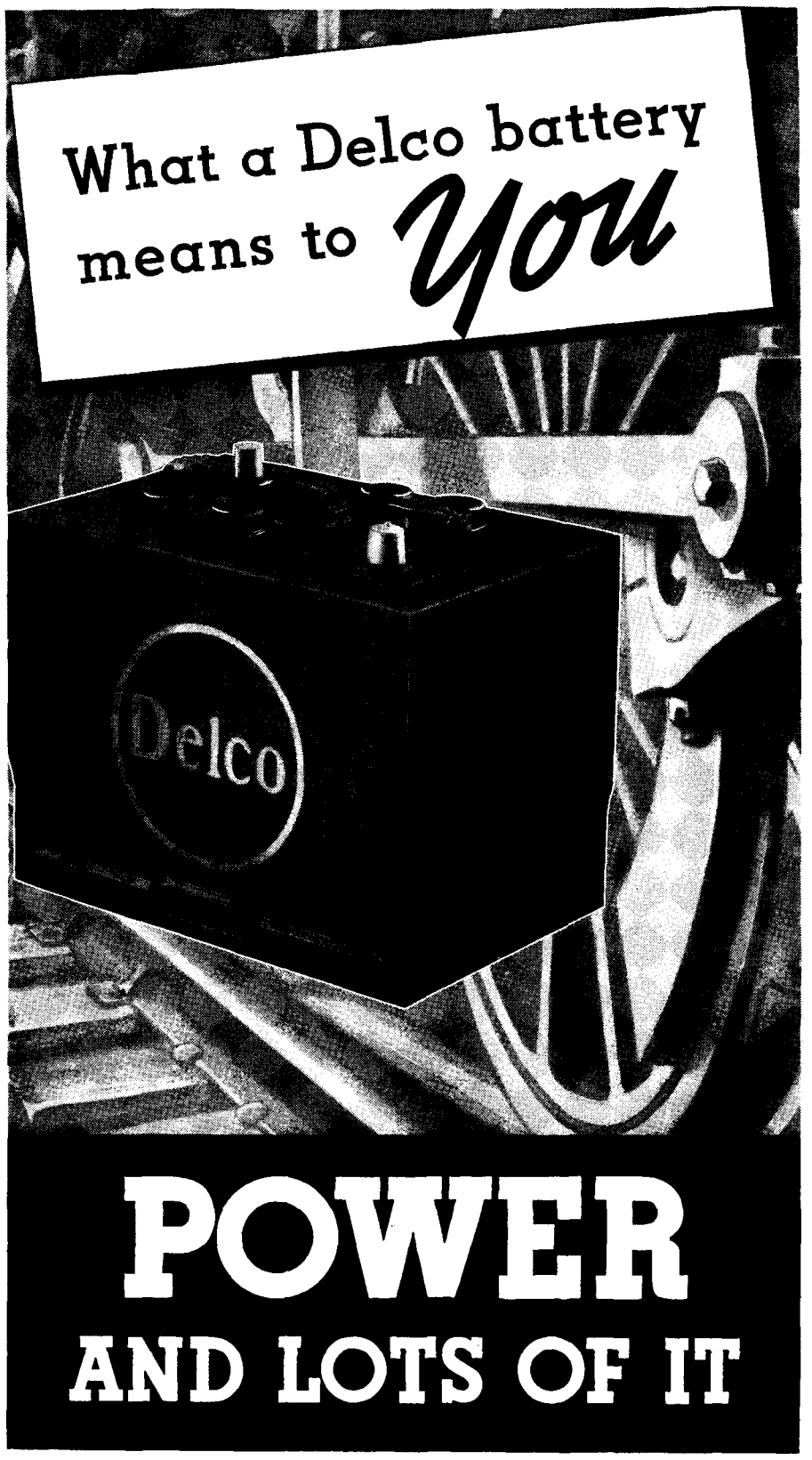
"I didn't know he was going to slip," said Dick.

"You don't know anything," I blubbered. I was pretty much beside myself.

"Well, now that we're here, Andy," said Dick in an apologetic voice, "let's get on with it."

I didn't move. I don't think I could

"I added six skins this year" BARNEY TOBEY



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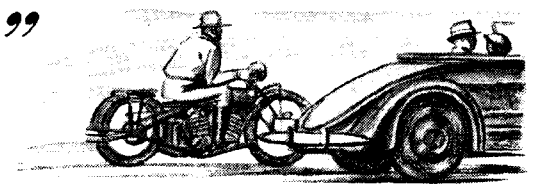
"Don't Look Now, but..."



HE: Is that trooper following us with arresting intent?

SHE: He wouldn't give *you* a ticket, darling. You look too impressive in your new Stetson.

HE: But that fellow looks impressive to *me*. Does he wear a Stetson, too?

SHE: Of course he does! Nothing but a Stetson could take the beating those troopers give a hat.

His hat is "Forest Green," one of Stetson's superb new range of "Rod-and-Gun" colors for Fall. Now being shown in the world's leading stores. $5, $7.50, $10 and up to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons made in Canada, from $5.50.

Step Out with a STETSON!

have just then. So Dick knelt down in the trench and started to work over the boots again.

He was just about to get up, when the air around us was filled with a funny little swish-swish-swish sound. I flattened myself against the wall of the trench.

"What was that?" said Dick.

"Machine-gun bullets," I said. "This trench is enfiladed." There's nothing like being close to some traveling hardware to snap you out of your thoughts. "Keep low," I said, "and let's go down."

"We can't leave Joe here like this," said Dick. "Help me get him up on the parapet again."

I took hold of Joe's ankles while Dick had thoughtfully gone to the other end of him and between us we heaved him back on the parapet. Dick picked up the boots and we went down into the dugout.

There's nothing lonelier than death, I said to myself, as I thought of that stark body lying up there in the icy darkness of a starless night.

"That trench is enfiladed," I told the sergeant.

"I'd noticed that," he said. "Where did they come from?"

"From the right," I said.

"Probably a fixed machine gun for night strafing," he said. "Did you hear that, boys? The trench is enfiladed. Keep low, going in and out of here, till you get round the bend."

AS YOU may imagine, my frame of mind wasn't so good that night. And it wasn't improved any by the sort of auctioning off that took place over Joe's boots. Not that there was any money involved. It was just a question of finding out whom they would fit, and who wanted them, and then turning them over to him.

In the end it boiled down to Marvin and Dick Patterson, both of whom wore size 9's. Sergeant Williams had been more or less superintending the negotiations, but they seemed to me so much like bargaining and haggling that I had become downright disgusted.

Whether it was the touch of gas, or the shock of that sight of Joe, or the bickering about the boots, or a combination of all three, I don't know. But I do know that I began to feel a bit sick to my stomach and decided to go back upstairs for a breath of fresh air. I also wanted to be alone for a while.

"What about it, Marvin?" the sergeant was saying.

"No, Sarge," Marvin answered, just before I went through the gas blanket. "No dead men's boots for me, thanks!"

There was something about the smugness of that remark that made me boil, and I went out into the trench and turned right, not caring whether it was enfiladed or not.

I walked up and down for a while and had a good cry.

Dear old Joe! A good man under fire, and a good man on a binge. What more could you want in a pal? He never had given a damn for hell or high water, and that's what we liked about him. After all, wasn't that exactly the figure we all secretly wanted to cut? A soldier!

I was standing there in the trench, saluting his shadowed form upon the parapet and having my little private orgy of funereal sentimentality, when I was brought back to the world of the living by that swish-swish-swish of machine-gun bullets again. I ducked back into the dugout pretty pronto.

The first thing that met my eye down there was Joe's boots, and the next thing was that they were on Dick Patterson.

I can't say that the hunch about Dick came then, for it didn't. But I must admit that the ghost of a premonition did brush me by, leaving a momentary chill behind.

Damn it, I thought, this is getting to be an obsession. I told myself that if I didn't gain some self-control and watch my step I'd wake up one day down at that base hospital where they give you paper dolls to play with. To be perfectly frank about it, though, I'll have to confess that that remark of Marvin's about not wanting dead men's boots had made quite an impression on me in spite of my scorn of such ideas. . . .

In the morning when I went up, Joe was gone.

AFTER the episode of the double patrol, the section settled down again, Spencer included, and went about the routine of a ten-day tour of duty in the front line. Dick moved across the aisle and came to bunk with me, but I didn't see much of him because he was out all day and I was out most of the night. I'd gotten over my cough by then.

We did our covering patrols without any special incident.

The night before we were to be relieved by the Quebec Regiment, their scout officer came up to have a preliminary look-see. I was detailed to the job of taking him out and showing him the lay of the land. When I left him and started toward my dugout, I became aware by the light of a distant star shell of a figure standing ten or fifteen feet on the other side of the entrance.

Not the gas sentry, I said to myself, stopping in my tracks to see what the hell was going on. The gas sentry always took the precaution of remaining at least two or three steps down the dugout entrance. What the blazes! A guy just standing there, motionless! And right where the trench was enfiladed, too. Maybe he was lost, maybe—

I pulled out my Webley, quietly cocked it, and covered him.

"Hey, you!" I said. "The password!"

The man jumped.

"Er—er—Remington," he said.

"Dick!" I said. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Don't you know this trench is enfiladed?" I said. "Don't be a bloody fool."

"Please leave me alone, Andy." It was spoken quietly, but I had intuition enough to twig that he meant it, so I said no more and went down.

I knew what he was doing up there alone in the dark all right, and I wasn't reassured by that symptom.

And I also knew, just as sure as I was in that dugout, that sooner or later he was going to be killed.

THAT night, after being relieved by the Quebec Regiment, we moved back into support position in the cellars and dugouts of Loos. We did our ten days there, and then went into brigade reserve again in our old billets in Grenay.

It was while we were in Loos that I had a talk with Dick about that business of standing alone at night in a dangerous portion of trench.

We had gone over to the Y. M. C. A. dugout one afternoon to see what we could pick up by way of drinks or smokes and had just left the place when I heard the sky above me tear itself apart to let an express train through. Dick also heard it at the same moment, and we both flattened ourselves out right where we were. It was so close that we couldn't see each other at all until the smoke had settled.

Well, of course, it was a case of two minds with but a single thought—the single thought being the Y. M. C. A. dugout, a German-built shelter, as most of them were, and therefore a deep one. We collided in the entrance like a couple of fullbacks diving for a fumbled ball and by the time we came out of the scrimmage, I with my tin hat shoved down over my face and Dick acting as if he thought he was playing matador with

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the gas blanket, the next delivery of pig iron had arrived.

"I guess his balloons have spotted that this is a popular joint and he's got it registered," I said, easing myself several more steps down the entrance.

"I guess so," said Dick, starting to climb back up again.

"Hey, the other way!" I said. "We're going down." My suggestion was obviously the right one because it was almost immediately emphasized by the screeching of yet another delivery of high explosive, which burst right outside the entrance.

"I'm going up, Andy," said Dick, brushing past me, a funny, tense sort of expression on his face.

"Wait! For God's sake wait till it's over!" I shouted, but he paid no attention.

HE WAS just about to step into the open when the fourth one landed and literally blew him back into the dugout again. He came down on me like a ton of bricks and when we unwound ourselves I had him with a strangle hold around the neck.

"Are you hit?" I panted.

"No," he said. "Let me be, Andy, I've got to go up there again. You don't understand."

"That's where you're wrong," I said. "I understand all about it."

"About what?"

"About this business of standing in enfiladed trenches at night and going up to make faces at 5.9 shells."

"Oh," he said, and I could feel him relax a little, so I did too.

"Yes," I continued, unloosening my hold altogether, "I went through all that myself, though I was never half the hog for punishment you are."

"You probably weren't half the coward either," he blurted out angrily.

"Now, now, Dick," I said, "don't start calling yourself names."

"Well, it's the truth," he flung back at me, "and I'd rather have you know it than anybody else."

"All right," I said. "If not wanting to have your stomach ripped open by a shell or your head made into a sieve by a machine gun is being a coward, then you've got lots of company."

"That doesn't make a bit of difference, Andy," he said. "It's my own personal problem. Here I am on my first trip in the line, and I've got the wind up already. I've got to do something about it, you admit that, don't you?"

"Certainly," I said, "but that's not the way to go about it. Just take it easy and give yourself a little time."

"It's not as simple as that, Andrew."

"Look," I said, "every time I find I'm getting the wind up, I put it to myself this way. I say, Andy, old boy, you're either going to get it or you're not. If you get it, you'll never know what hit you and you won't have to worry about your sore feet any more. If you don't get it, you'll be back in your dugout, or rest billets, or wherever, at such and such a time and you'll be safe until the next show comes along. D'you get what I mean?"

"In other words, you're a fatalist about it?"

"That's it exactly," I said.

Another one landed right outside the dugout and a shower of gravel came tumbling down the entrance.

"But we won't put our fatalism to the test just now," I added. "There's no need, so we'll save it for later."

Dick's face relaxed into a slight smile. "I wish that I didn't feel so hellishly relieved at being down here, though," he said.

"You're not half as crazy about this dugout as I am, Dick," I said.

The day after we got back to Grenay, Lieutenant Turner called me out on parade.

"Private Paige!"

"Here, sir," I said, taking two paces forward and saluting. Shorty returned the salute absent-mindedly while studying a piece of paper.

"D'you want to learn about scouting?" he asked me without batting an eye.

There was quite a flattering titter from the rest of the section at this remark.

"Well, sir," I began, "if you think it necessary—"

"No, I don't," he was good enough to say, "but I do think you need a refresher course in button-polishing and forming fours."

"Yes, sir," I said, which was the exact opposite of what I thought.

"Private Paige," the lieutenant went on, reading from the piece of paper, "will draw a clean uniform from the quartermaster sergeant and will report to Brigade Headquarters at noon, ready to proceed to the Canadian Corps School. It's near Tarnes, I believe. . . . Corporal Stanley!"

"Here, sir."

"You will likewise draw a clean uniform—though you don't seem to need it as much as Paige—and report to Divisional Headquarters, ready to proceed to the base for a course in gas."

There was a roar of laughter at that, even the sergeant joining in to the extent of a half-suppressed smile, while Shorty continued to show an absolutely dead pan.

I got my stuff together, drew my uniform and turned in the old one without forgetting to transfer the ribbon, then called at the orderly room for my pay and traveling warrant, and went back to say so long to the boys.

THE Corps School, which I reached in time for supper after riding on top of a camouflaged London bus and twice nearly getting my head taken off by low-hanging telegraph wires, was a spick-and-span institution where you learned the British equivalent of goose-stepping. It was divided into three sections: Officers, N. C. O.'s and the Scouting, Observing and Sniping department, which was the one I was detailed to. They gave me a stripe and I thereupon took my first step toward my field marshal's baton by becoming a temporary acting lance corporal without pay. This I suppose was done so that I should not defile the sacred precincts of the place by being a mere private.

The course lasted just four weeks and at the end of that time, after a farewell binge of truly classic proportions, we dispersed and carried our hang-overs back to our various units.

It happened to be Christmas Eve when I rejoined the 99th Canadian Scottish, and the battalion was resting in a fairly good village far enough outside the artillery zones to mean a real rest from shellfire, for a change. I found that Dick Patterson had gotten himself transferred from the snipers to the scouts during my absence.

"What did you do that for?" I asked him.

"No sniping," he said.

This laconic statement was the truth, all right, but I suspected it was not the whole truth, especially so when he volunteered the further and equally laconic information that he had put in an application for a commission.

To me it was as plain as the nose on my face that these moves were, in Dick's case, merely devices for setting standards of conduct for himself that he felt, or hoped, he would of necessity be forced to live up to. I was frankly worried about him and made increasingly anxious by his rather desperate attempts to prove himself. Our talk in the Y dugout had evidently been forgotten, or he had found he couldn't make the fatalistic philosophy work; for he had fallen back to his original game of issuing challenges to himself.

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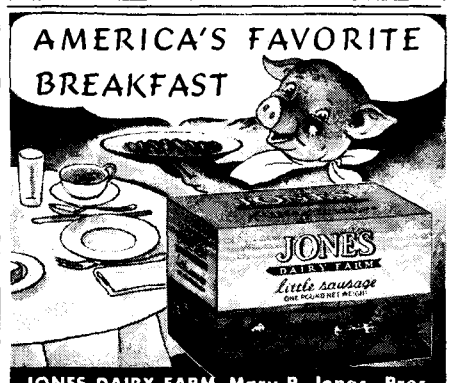

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All this, to those who could read the signs, was written in the taut expression of his face, the strange, hunted look in his eyes, the purposeless fidgeting of his hands, as well as in the morose irritability of his manner. It was perfectly perceptible to me that it cost him quite an effort to smile, even more of an effort to listen to anybody else's conversation and to simulate any interest in it.

On our way to and from our wire or down for rations and back, he was so nervous and jumpy, so prone to duck for cover when there was no need, that I was becoming more and more convinced he would give himself completely away sooner or later, and then, if he survived the war, he would have that disgrace to live with for the rest of his life—a prospect that threatened plenty of grief for him as well as for his people.

IT WAS when we were doing a turn in the Lievin sector to the south of Lens that the idea first came to me that I might have to do something about Dick. It was just an unformulated idea, but it was being forced on me a bit by the fact that Sergeant Williams had noticed Dick's condition enough to take me aside and speak to me about it one day.

"What's the matter with Patterson?" he asked me, his gaze fixed on an airplane dogfight that was going on thousands of feet above us and to the east.

"Why, nothing that I know of," I said.

"You're not going blind, are you?" he said.

"I hadn't noticed it," I said, "though I admit I have suspected it at times when you dish out the rum."

"Patterson's got the windup," Williams said, ignoring my gibe.

"He's all right on patrol, isn't he?" I said.

"Yeah," said the sergeant, "and that's what I don't understand because the minute he gets back through the wire he starts to get jumpy as hell."

"Well," I said, "you know how it is."

"No, I don't," he said. "How is it?" Williams withdrew his eyes from the dogfight and turned such a searching gaze upon me that I decided it would be better to end the discussion before I was forced into any admissions.

"Look," I said, walking away without answering his question, "the Heinie got him!" I left him there watching our plane plummet to earth.

It was shortly after this talk that the battalion went into the Lievin front.

The situation in this sector was rather unusual in that no man's land was hardly more than fifty yards wide there. The consequence was that neither side attempted to do any patrols in such a bottleneck, partly because of its narrowness and partly because the lines ran through the outskirts of Lens and the terrain was too littered with ruins to make patrolling practicable. Instead, we were converted into a sort of combined observation and machine-gun section and given a post in a partially demolished printing plant about twenty-five yards back of our own front line.

This would have been all right, for the place had a good bombproof cellar, except for some staff wallah's bright idea that the post was to be kept secret. So, to keep the bloody post secret, there was naturally no communicating trench leading to it that would show up on Fritz's airplane photographs. The result was we had to get in and out of the place only at night and by traveling about two hundred yards overland to our left, where we could drop into the communication trench leading to No. 3 Company's frontage.

This two-hundred-yard trip was therefore not only within a hundred yards distance of Fritz's front line but it also managed to include the disadvantages of doing what was in effect a patrol under a fairly constant harassing fire of machine guns, trench mortars and high explosive. On top of that, Fritz had been frankly notified that the house was occupied by the machine gun that fired at him from there, and so he kept it and its environs in a halo of star shells all night.

I had already made three round trips to the place, going out with reports after dark and coming back with rations, and I'm here to tell you that I didn't like that overland jaunt a bit, especially when I was loaded down with sandbags full of bully beef and whatnot.

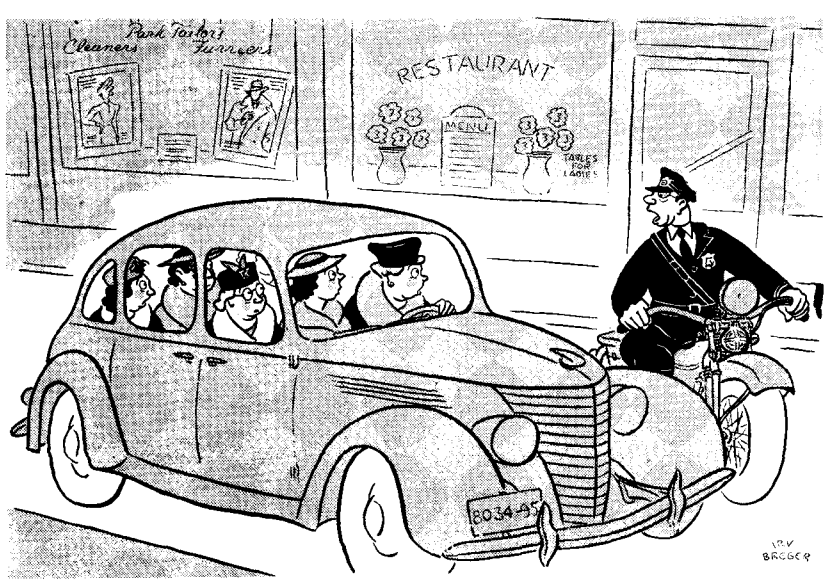
On this particular night, or more accurately, early morning, Dick and I had been down for the rations. There being no patrols, the scouts drew all the carrying party jobs. We were coming back up the line, Dick lugging two sandbags full of grub and I with a petrol tin of water and three drums of Lewis gun ammunition—a nice, clumsy and noisy consignment. By the time we reached the spot in the communication trench where we had to climb out and go overland, a light snow had begun to fall.

We dropped our loads there to rest for a minute or two before starting out on that two-hundred-yard crucifixion. I took out a package of chewing gum, gave Dick a stick and folded another one into my own mouth, then hefted my load again.

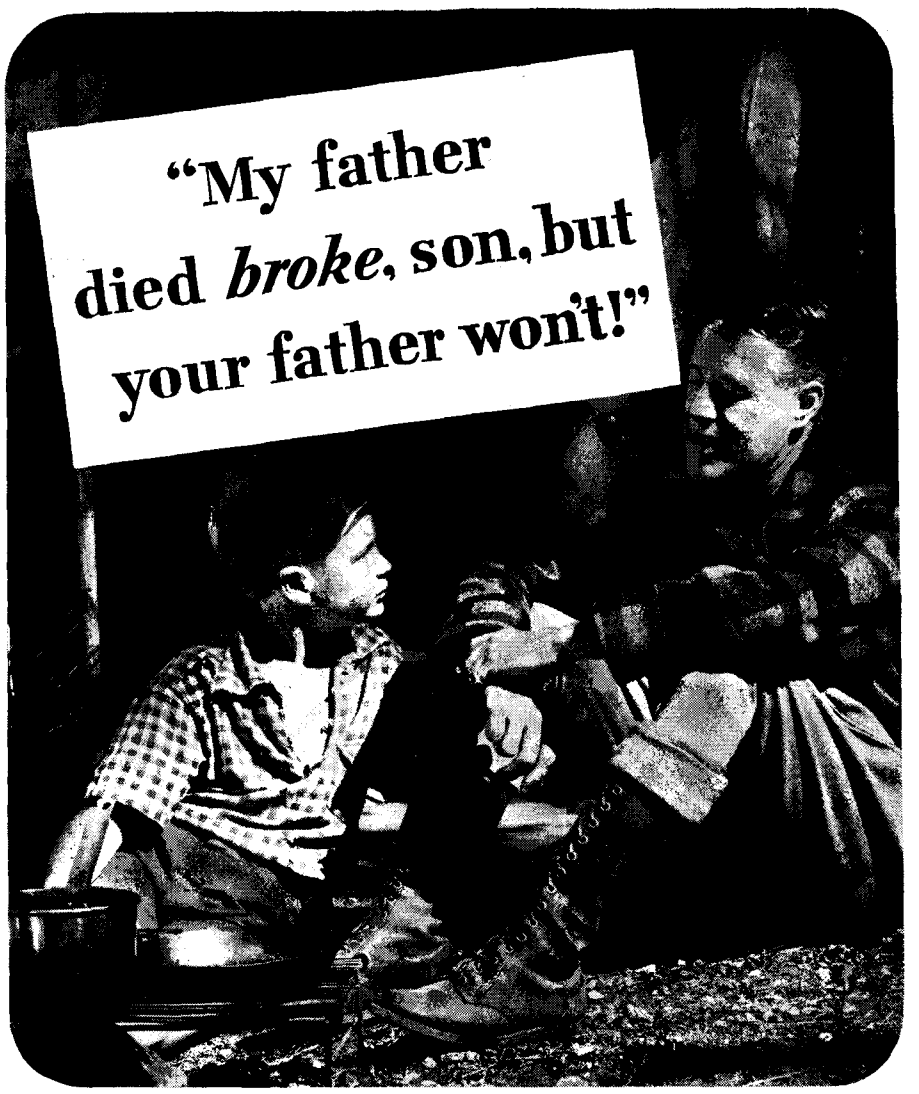
"Come on!" I said.

"I'm tired—let's wait a bit," said Dick.

(To be continued next week)



"All right, where's the fire sale?" IRV BREGER



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The Girl Who Got There

Continued from page 10

both be happier out of it . . . after all, we don't *have* to stay. . . . My yacht's at Santa Monica and I've got a little bit in the bank again."

"Yes, but I've got Myrtle," said Jeffrey.

That was unfortunately true. Myrtle was willful, extravagant, unreliable, fascinating if you thought so, stupid if you thought so, and exceedingly pretty whether you thought so or not. All her natural instincts were well developed, especially that of self-preservation. During their first year of marriage she had insisted on Jeffrey's insuring himself for one hundred thousand dollars in case he got killed. Then she insisted on a cash settlement in case he didn't get killed. All the rest of his savings vanished in the down payment on a mink coat, after which she had nothing to live on but his income.

HER ambition was to get into movies—of course. She had left an office job in Oklahoma for that, and had married Jeffrey for the same reason, thinking in her innocence that anyone employed in a picture studio could hand out jobs as easily as dollar tips. Jeffrey, in his own even more remarkable innocence, had thought that a girl accustomed to earn her own living would prove not only a loving but also an economical wife. So there they were, after five years, hard up on about ten times the income that comes into the household of the average happily married American doctor, preacher, lawyer or schoolmaster.

Of course Myrtle went around to all the smart parties she could get invited to and of course she didn't exactly advertise the fact that she was married at all, not to strangers, anyway; but still, try as she might at party after party, no producer, director, agent or other important person ever offered her more than a cigarette on the patio.

It was too bad. Clearly there was nothing to be done but to buy another hundred-dollar evening frock and try again at the next party. So the bills kept piling up, and presently there came a time when Jeffrey and Myrtle had that first bitter quarrel that they ought to have had long before.

There also came a time, during the slow progress of the Caesar picture, when Bill, having backed a winner at Santa Anita and had a few drinks to celebrate, suddenly felt inspired. He said: "Look here, Jeff, it's none of my business and you may be mad at me for butting in . . . but why do you stand so much from Myrtle? You know she runs around everywhere—takes all your money and doesn't give you a cent's worth of happiness—how long does it have to go on? Why don't you leave her?"

"*Leave* her?"

"Yes . . . why not? You're not having your ideal of a perfect life, are you?"

"Well, are *you?* Working for Halliday when you might be on a yacht . . . why don't you leave *him?*"

Bill brought down his fist on the desk with a bang. "Jee-hosaphat—you're *right!* Why don't we both leave both of 'em? . . . Why don't we? Why the hell do we stay here doing things we don't want to do? . . . Come on, man—let's act while we're in the mood—you phone Myrtle you're through with her while I go and tell Halliday we're both through with him!"

"But, isn't it rather—"

"No, it isn't—whatever you're going to say." Bill was already dialing a number. "No answer—I suppose she isn't in. . . . Well, let's go together and tell Halliday—that'll be one thing done. . . ."

But Mr. Halliday wasn't in, either. They waited for over two hours in his outer office, playing pinochle and talking about Malpelo. Malpelo, Bill explained, was a small island about two hundred miles off the coast of Panama —nobody had visited it since the seventeenth century. "We might do a bit of exploring . . . and you could write your novel there." Jeffrey said he thought he might. They cheered each other up a lot by talking about Malpelo. Then at last, Halliday marched in, beamed on everybody, and looked over their shoulders at the cards. He was evidently in a good humor.

"Well, boys, you're entitled to a little relaxation—gee, that was a swell scene you sent in yesterday. . . . Come along and I'll tell you about another scene I've just thought of." They followed him into the inner office. "Funny thing, boys—I can tell by your faces you're in the mood for some good writing—you both look kind of pepped up. . . . Now, listen. This is Egypt. The army's marching through the desert. I'm Caesar and you're a dying Gaul. I give you a cheerful greeting as I pass by in my chariot. . . . Now what would you say to me in reply?'

Bill muttered under his breath what he would say to him in reply, and Jeffrey signified agreement by an emphatic nod.

But they stayed on. . . .

For, after all, as Jeffrey said, they couldn't very well let Halliday down in the middle of a picture. He wasn't such a bad sort. But as soon as the picture was finished. . . .

They both swore an oath that something would happen when the picture was finished.

ONE night a few weeks later, alone in his rented bungalow in the twistier part of Hollywood, Jeffrey tried hard to begin a novel. But he found he could not concentrate. Through the window the panorama of the film city sparkled with innumerable neon-lighted words, not one of which gave him any inspiration. He also found that his mind was full of dialogue, good dialogue, a punch in every line, but unfortunately not about anything that could conceivably form subject matter for a novel. It was a pity, yet what could he do except try hard to break himself of the habit of thinking dialogue out of office hours?

He smoked a pipe, turned on the radio, then glanced through the mail that had arrived that afternoon. Mostly circulars—and a telephone bill for fifty-nine dollars and thirty-five cents—twenty-seven dollars and twelve cents of which was for a call to Lansing, Michigan. Myrtle's brother lived in Lansing. Family affection could go no further—except to Lynn, Massachusetts, where her uncle ran a drugstore.

At last she came in. It was past two in the morning. She said nothing as she threw down her mink coat and switched off the radio. If he had used judgment he would have seen that she was in no condition to take part in any reasonable argument. Nevertheless he began, mildly: "I've been looking over a few bills, Myrtle."

"Oh, you have, have you? Nice job for a quiet evening, darling."

"I don't want to nag, but you really will have to help me bring down our expenses." (That was tactfully put, surely.)

No answer.

"It's not only clothes—but things like this—this telephone account—I've gone through it and I find—"

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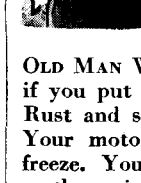

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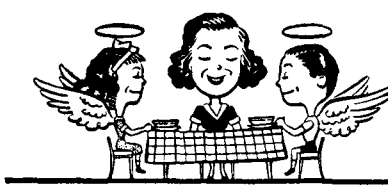

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"I know what you found, dear. That I actually called up my own brother to ask how he felt after his operation."

"*Operation?* I didn't know he'd had an operation."

"Oh, don't apologize—I know you don't care—but, after all, *I* care—he's *my* brother—I'm only human—"

"Myrtle, for heaven's sake, stop sniveling and don't keep on misunderstanding me. I never said . . . Oh, well, let's not argue. If you say that was the reason, all right. . . . Where did he have the operation?"

"Shan't tell you."

"All right, then. Don't."

But suddenly she went on with it:

"I suppose you want to write to the hospital people to find out whether I'm telling you a lie?"

"No—I never thought of such a thing. . . ."

"Then why did you ask me where he had the operation?"

"I didn't mean *where* in that sense—I meant where in *him*—what part of his body—what was the matter with him?"

"Shan't tell you. You've no claim to know anything about him at all."

"Well, I can guess it wasn't his tongue, since the call cost twenty-seven dollars!"

"Oh, you *beast*—how *can* you say a thing like that? I know you think poor Teddy's a nasty thing—I know you hate all my family! I hate you, too . . . and I'm going to call Beatrice and tell her . . ."

"Thank heaven she only lives at Long Beach."

"All right, then, save your money—I won't call her. I'll get out the car and go."

"Just as you wish. Mind how you drive out of the garage. I heard you bash the fenders as you went in. . . ."

"It wasn't the fenders, it was one of the lamps. I'll have to take your car."

"Oh, no, you won't—I need it to go to work tomorrow."

"You can drive to the studio in mine—it's all right for the daytime—"

"Except that I happen to prefer my own car and I intend to keep it . . . so if you've smashed up yours that's just too bad."

"Then I'll go out first thing tomorrow and buy another car!"

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"Oh, yes, I will! Just you wait. . . ."

The dialogue got worse and worse, he reflected.

Then she picked up her coat and marched out of the room, banging the door. Not a bad exit, he had to admit. But it had been a pretty lousy scene, on the whole. A few minutes later he heard her leave in a taxi.

WHEN Jeffrey recounted all this in the morning Bill was delighted. "Well, that settles it—as soon as we're through with this picture we'll get away and make for that island—Malpelo—you remember—"

Jeffrey remembered. "It's just what I'd like if only I knew what do to with Myrtle."

"Well, she's left you, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but she's left me before and she's always come back inside a week."

"Cheer up—maybe it's for good this time . . . and anyway, if the picture's finished before she *does* come back . . . nothing to keep you then, is there?"

"Oh, no, not if that were to happen. . . ."

So it was just a simple matter of waiting till the picture was finished. And that, in Hollywood, means anything you like to hope for or fear.

A few days later the script was getting along nicely and Myrtle hadn't yet come back and both Bill and Jeffrey were in a decidedly cheerful mood when word came that Mr. Halliday would like to see them in his office. They went along and were immediately aware of a curious and slightly sinister atmosphere of cordiality.

"Have a cigarette, won't you, Davenport? You, too, Kent. . . . Well, I dare say you boys have both been finding this Caesar picture a pretty tough problem . . . eh? Great story, of course, but . . . but . . . Just a minute. . . . Hello. . . . Hello. . . . That you, Freddie? . . . Yes . . . yes . . . I see. . . . Oh, yes, I read it, but you've got a lot to do on it yet, y'know—fact is, I'd give it a complete rewrite if I were you . . . see how it is, Freddie—people want heart-interest nowadays—simple boy-and-girl stories—human—natural—fresh as spring water. . . .

"Gee, if only *I* could write . . . but that's *your* job, Freddie . . . yes, I know, but why not—it's a boy-and-girl story, isn't it, the way we've made it? . . . Now, listen, Freddie—I'm Crusoe—what would I say when I first saw Isabel's footprint in the sand—a girl's, mind you—and I haven't seen a girl for ten years? . . . That's what you've got to ask yourself, Freddie. . . . Be human. . . . Well, try it out, anyway. . . . Okay, goo'by. . . . Now, boys, sorry for the interruption. No cigarettes? Sure? . . . Quite sure? . . .

"Well, where were we? Ah, yes, about Caesar. . . . Of course, as I always said, it's a great story—it's a *hell* of a great story—but—for these days—it's not *human* enough. . . . People aren't interested in all this what-have-you about empires—what they want is a yarn about folks like themselves—something natural—human—a simple love story—fresh as spring water. . . . Y'see?"

BILL and Jeffrey thought they saw, and their downcast faces showed it. "D'you mean you want *another* rewrite?" Bill asked bluntly.

"Boys . . . I'm sorry to have to disappoint you. Believe me, I am. I know how you've lived in this job. Gee, I wish I didn't have to do this. But it's always my way—and the best way, in the long run—whenever I'm convinced a thing isn't going to work out, then I cut the—the—what's the word I want, Davenport?"

"Painter," said Jeffrey.

"Gordian knot," said Bill.

"Cackle," said Jeffrey.

"Well, I just cut out the whole thing," said Mr. Halliday. "And that means that—for the time being . . . if you boys feel like having a little vacation. . . ."

"*What?*"

"Few weeks, maybe—"

"You mean we can go *now?*"

" 'Fraid so, boys. Can't keep you on the pay roll when you aren't actually working on a picture. New rule from the front office. . . . But I'll want you both again soon—don't worry. Listen—I'll let you into a secret—there's a new girl I've discovered—I've an idea I might star her if I can get the right kind of script—what I want is a simple love story about a struggling modern couple—how the boy has to work for twenty bucks a week while the girl economizes at home and does all the housework—how they face life's battles together. . . . Gee, when the public sees Myrtle in a part like that they're going to fall for her right down flat on their faces. . . ."

"Myrtle?" exclaimed Bill and Jeffrey.

"Myrtle Carver, that's the name," said Mr. Halliday, gloatingly. "But of course we'll change the Carver. Sort of a word you can't remember—don't you think?"

So Myrtle got her chance to become a star, and Bill got his chance to explore Malpelo, and Jeffrey got his chance to write a novel. And though all these chances didn't wholly and completely fulfill themselves, there was one other, at any rate, that did: for Jeffrey and Myrtle were divorced and lived fairly happily ever after.

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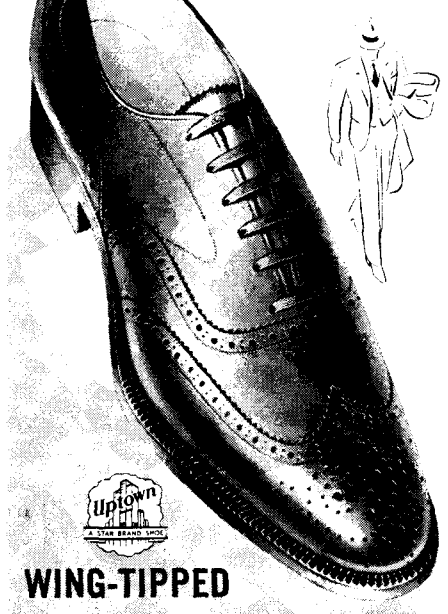

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Escape to Hollywood

Continued from page 14

"A meeting was arranged," says Hedy now. "He was charming. He is an amazingly charming man—and a strong one."

Just after they got nicely settled down in matrimony, she leaving the stage to be head of the household in the Mandl castle, that little epic called Ecstasy appeared and Herr Fritz almost went nuts. He made things worse by dashing around trying to buy up all the prints. It was a hopeless task, as he soon found, but it made great publicity for the picture.

It must have been quite a thing, that Mandl ménage. The M-G-M press department goes into raptures at the mere thought of it. "Ambassadors and foreign secretaries were entertained constantly at lavish dinners. Crested gold plate graced the table and a corps of liveried flunkies served delectable viands and fine wines."

What Miss Lamarr now says about it in her franker moods is: "Dull."

So she got fed up on Fritz and his fireworks and lit out for Paris.

"But I didn't stay. I knew he'd come. When Fritz got to Paris, I was on the way to London. When he got there, I was already on the sea."

Theatrical friends had given her letters to people in England and she made her first contact with M-G-M there. They thought she looked all right and offered her $150 a week. She thought not, having better plans in mind.

When Hedy Turned on the Heat

L. B. Mayer and Benny Thau of M-G-M were sailing for America on the Queen Mary. By some strange quirk, Hedy was also on the boat. By the proper maneuvering, a dinner date was arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Mayer. Mr. Mayer knew a face when he saw one and she arrived in New York with an M-G-M contract. When she got out to Hollywood, they went into a huddle, came out with the Lamarr name and evidently thought they had done enough for the gal. She got the usual absent treatment for nine months, went to the movies twice a day to learn English, popped up at every party where anybody would be likely to see her and was finally rewarded by the gaze of Walter Wanger, who was casting Algiers. He borrowed her from M-G-M and that one picture made her a riot. She was lucky in having a good script by John Howard Lawson, a good director in John Cromwell and a great cameraman in James Wong Howe.

They kicked at the early rushes because Lamarr didn't look like a five-alarm fire, but Jimmy Howe wasn't moved.

"Gotta have a little contrast in these things," he persisted, and when they finally came to the scene where the wallop was needed, he gave it to them. It's that scene where she leans back and a mysterious shadow plays over her eyes. At the opening night there was the sound of popping hearts all over the house when that part arrived. When they heard that sound, the auditors started rubbing their hands and passing cigars around.

On the personal side, Miss Lamarr is proceeding with all the shrewdness of a financier's daughter. She lives in a house that rents for $100 a month, has one maid (an elderly French woman who acts as housekeeper), and a small car. After coming over here, she divorced the munitions king, who was still wigwagging at her from a distance in those moments when he wasn't backing a prime minister into a corner selling him machine guns. Hedy has taken out her first citizenship papers and was right in the mood to save a little money (something she hadn't seen before in years) when the German occupation of Austria threw her plans out of kilter. She has since been helping old friends and relatives who find that living is a bit difficult now that the Nazis are in bloom.

Her best boy friend is Reginald Gardiner and her best friend is Constance Collier, who thinks Hedy is one of the smartest girls to turn up in years. There has been talk at Metro of hurling Hedy into a revival of The Flesh and the Devil, but Hedy is too agile for that. It was the part that made Garbo's reputation over here and Hedy has more sense than to try to better it.

She's a great person for astrology and spends a lot of time studying a horoscope when she might better be out at Bob Murphy's restaurant hurling a hunk of Kansas City beef into her elongated frame. She has ambitions to be a dress designer but it is hardly possible that anybody will take them seriously now. She is a swell bridge player and was something of a skier in the old country. She'll probably get called on the carpet and smacked briskly about the ears if she ever tries skiing over here. The acting is bad enough in films without a star arriving on the set with a broken leg.

As we hurtle to press, a further version of the Ecstasy episode arrives. Since it comes from La Lamarr herself, it may mean an end of all the surmises. It seems that she wasn't tied with thongs and made to play the part.

"I read the part and liked it," she says. "There was nothing in it to which anyone might object. But when the picture was filmed, those other scenes were in the part and I played it."

At this point she shrugs and makes a gesture of resignation with her hands. (Our informant refers to "slender" hands but that isn't true; her hands are large and warm and strong; very good hands but not slender.)

"Too much has been made of it," she continues. "Too much *chi-chi*."

Now *chi-chi* is a French expression pronounced she-she and meaning nonsense. It looks rather as if Miss Lamarr had grasped a fundamental in figuring that out. What happened six or seven years ago isn't going to amount to much if she makes another Algiers. She's either an actress or she isn't. People in Hollywood think she is and like her in the bargain.

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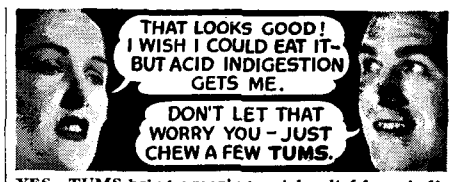

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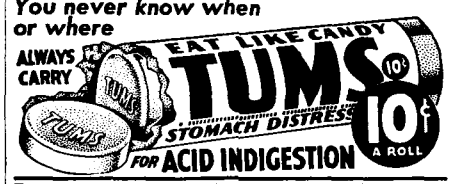

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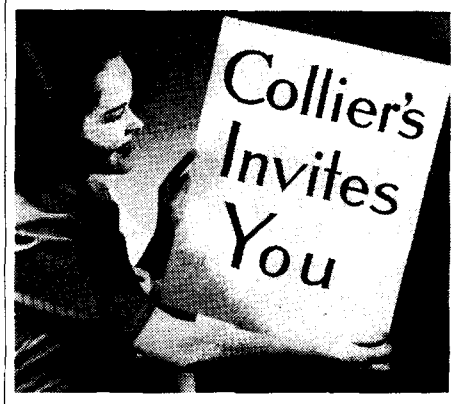

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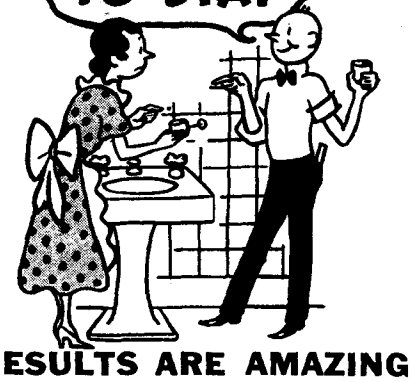

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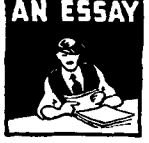

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What's Wrong with Roosevelt

Continued from page 17

The Administration entered office with an estimated fifteen millions out of work. After more than five years of deficit and debt, the pump priming and relief costs are at an all-time high; and the unemployed are still more than thirteen million.

Perhaps relief is the best summation of the President's strength and weakness: of his enthusiasm for humanitarian ideals, and his seeming lack of interest in sound administration. In nearly six years no real survey of the problem has been made; no sound co-ordination of national, state and local effort attained. As I write, a report has just been completed by the Social Security Board in twelve Massachusetts cities. As quoted in the Boston Transcript, it shows "increases in relief expenditures ranging from 517 per cent to 1,426 per cent between 1929 and 1937." Citing the city of Cambridge as an example, "the board reported that the growth of Cambridge relief costs had been accompanied by an increasing complexity in administrative machinery.

"Last year, relief was dispensed in Cambridge by local agencies supported solely from local funds; by a local agency supported from local and state funds; by a state agency supported from state and federal funds; by a local agency supported from local, state and federal funds, and by local agencies supported wholly by federal funds."

A Picture of Washington

The report declared: "From the viewpoint of a man seeking help for his family 'the hierarchy of agencies in this community of 118,000 must seem bewildering indeed.'"

Multiply the chaos of Cambridge by thousands and you have a picture of Washington: bureaus are piled on bureaus; departments overlap; commissions pull in opposite directions; dozens of agencies are sending questionnaires to harassed businessmen, and issuing conflicting instructions having the force of law. It will take at least ten years for administration to catch up with the legislation already enacted. Yet any suggestion that the President might now give the country a rest from more laws, and devote some energy to amending present statutes and making them work, is branded as Toryism.

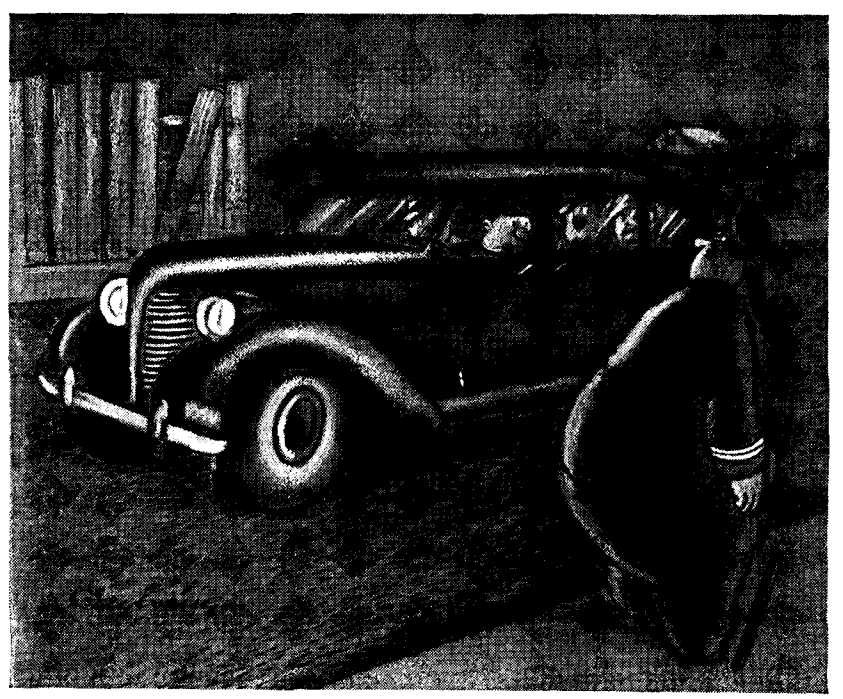
We come now to a curious and very serious something that is wrong with Roosevelt. A psychologist could set it forth in all its subtle implications, but one does not need a scientific training to be aware of its development. I refer to the process of rationalization that has gone on in his mind in respect to the debt. Back in 1932, no man in America denounced extravagant spending, high taxes and debt more than Franklin Roosevelt. He poured out his scorn upon the head of Mr. Hoover and announced far and wide that extravagance is the sure path to ruin. In a radio address from Albany on July 30, 1932, he cried: "Let us have the courage to stop borrowing to meet continuing deficits. Let us have equal courage to reverse the policy of the Republican leaders and insist on a sound currency." And in Pittsburgh, on October 19, 1932, "Taxes are paid in the sweat of every man who labors because they are a burden on production and are paid through production."

This, in general, was his attitude the first three years of his administration. Each time he presented a new estimate of receipts and expenditures to the Congress he was compelled to admit that his previous estimate had been wrong. But emergency conditions were responsible for the discrepancy; the next report would positively be better. Consistently he held up the balanced budget as an ideal to be approached as rapidly as possible. The deficit was not a national asset but an unfortunate disease from which recovery at the first possible moment must be sought.

There is an old verse that reads:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

If we could substitute for "vice" the word "deficit" without spoiling the meter, we would have a very good picture of what has always happened to the psychology of rulers and peoples in periods of government-manufactured prosperity. The story is as old as the use of money. Invariably folks feel happy in



"Hey, Buddy, what's a good bank in this town?" JAY IRVING

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KAYWOODIE
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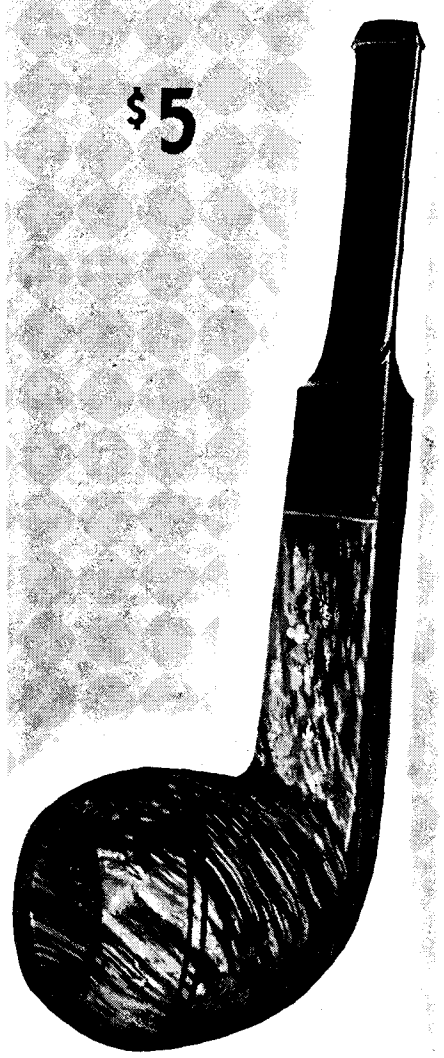

You have a Right to be Selfish

There is one department of living where a man *can* be selfish: he has a right to own a *really fine* pipe—a showpiece, you might say, a *specimen* pipe. A Kaywoodie Super Grain. Look at several Super Grain Kaywoodies in the store. Hold them in your hand. Feel their balance. See the beauty of their grain. Because they are made from the "prime cut" of big mature briar burls, you will find that Kaywoodie Super-Grains are among the sweetest-smoking pipes in the world. These rare specimens, like all good things in life, don't happen often. So naturally, they cost more: five dollars. Get one. You *deserve* it.

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Shape pictured: No. 12B (BULLDOG), actual size. For a better view of this beautiful pipe, turn the magazine sideways. You can get it in two finishes: "Miami Brown" or "Virgin."

Flame Grain Briar $10, Meerschaum $15
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the early stages of government spending. As the years go by, and the supply of money seems inexhaustible, the spenders are more and more sure that they have discovered something new in the realm of political economy. Solomon was the greatest builder of public works and creator of WPA jobs of his time. The wiser people grumbled and feared, but he was able to keep the expenditures going and the taxes rising as long as he lived. Then came his son, Rehoboam, promising more debt and more taxation, and the people rebelled. Civil war broke out, and the kingdom disappeared.

Dr. Charles Mackay, describing the days of the Mississippi Bubble, says: "The warnings of the Parliament that too great a creation of paper money would sooner or later bring the country to bankruptcy were disregarded. The regent, who knew nothing whatever of the philosophy of finance, thought that a system which had produced such good effect could never be carried to excess."

Something of the same delusion seems to have gripped the little inner circle of the New Deal. Its members refuse even to discuss the mounting debt; they dismiss it with a wave of the hand as a thing of no importance. They argue seriously that, since the expenditures are for public works and the maintenance of popular morale, the Administration has really not been in the red at all but actually in the black.

A Dangerous State of Mind

When a nation begins to deceive itself about its finances, when its rulers have managed to convince themselves that a deficit is not a deficit, then look out. Unless all history lies, we are in for trouble. It may not come quickly. The richer the nation the longer it will be postponed. Our government today is doing the same sort of financing for which New York State sent Richard Whitney to Sing Sing. He, too, presumably, believed that he was committing no wrong. He just kept passing out the promissory notes, sure that someday he would make a lucky turn and be able to pay everybody back. Mr. Roosevelt knows history. He should know how dangerous is his present state of mind.

There is evident in him and his associates a distressing growth of that malady that may be termed the "intolerance of the well-doer." I am very familiar with this disease. As a boy I lived in a country parsonage, and there was seldom a time when our spare room was not occupied and our table conversation not monopolized by a reformer. Organizers of the Anti-Saloon League, crusaders against tobacco and gambling, professional advocates of this and that —they all came to us to save board and lodging. I noted then, and have been impressed through the years, that no man can so cheerfully eat of his neighbor's food, make extra cooking and cleaning for his neighbor's wife, use his neighbor's vehicle, and force sacrifices on his neighbor's children, as the man who is bent on reforming the world. I discovered that nobody can be quite so intolerant, no one can so cheerfully and earnestly sow such seeds of violent hate, as he who is completely convinced of his own self-righteousness.

A psychologist might ascribe this malady in part to the well-known "inferiority complex." Each of these workers in the vineyard feels in his heart that he has made a financial sacrifice to pursue his particular line of human betterment. He looks down on the plodding and sometimes dull-witted millionaires, sure that if he himself had devoted his talent to money-making he would have achieved a fortune. He convinces himself that he is entitled to special thanks from the community, and often attains the highly satisfying conviction that the purity of his motives justifies any means.

All this is painfully evident in the structure of the New Deal. Upon what foundations does its pure temple rest? Upon political machines as malodorous as the country has ever known: on Pendergast in Kansas City, on Hague in Jersey City, on Kelly-Nash in Chicago, on the rebuilt Huey Long machine in Louisiana. Worse than these is its own political malpractice in the allocation of relief funds according to its own election needs. All this the President knows and tolerates, having apparently persuaded himself that the nobility of his aims gives ample absolution.

The incessant emphasis upon "wealth" and "income" is a false note that is now bringing its own retribution. Stimulated by the President's example, echoing his reiterated assurance that everything will be all right if only sufficient purchasing power is distributed down below, a horde of political hangers-on are going to town. If a little purchasing power at the bottom is good, they say, then surely much purchasing power is better. So they exploit the hopes and the fears of old people, and are elected on promises of "thirty dollars every Thursday" or "sixty dollars every Saturday," or whatever it takes to win.

The fallacy in all this, of course, is that money is not wealth. A state or a nation may print and distribute "thirty dollars every Thursday," but no old person can eat thirty dollars; you cannot put the piece of paper in the pot and cook it; you cannot sew it into clothes to put on your back. Money has value only as it represents goods created by work or services rendered.

Finally, it may be noted that the discovery of the so-called "mandate" in national election returns is one of the achievements of the President, and one of the things seriously wrong. You, a voter, are disgusted with the speculation and moral shortcomings of the New Era and you vote the Democratic ticket in protest; or you have lost your savings by the failure of a bank, or your home has been foreclosed; you are properly resentful and you seek a change at Washington. With millions of others you help to roll up an electoral landslide. Behold, then, something happens that was never mentioned in the campaign, something, as the lawyers say, not covered in the indictment. The President makes a frontal attack on the Supreme Court, justifying it by the claim that you have given him a "mandate" to do so. Or he cuts the gold content of the dollar, or inflates the currency, or tells the people of Georgia to elect Mr. Camp, or the people of Maryland to liquidate Mr. Tydings. And when you protest against any or all of these courses, he brands you a reactionary and reminds you of his "mandate." You had no notion of his intentions in any of these matters. No reference was made to them in the party platform or in any campaign speech. You might or might not have voted for him if given notice. But you are annoyed because he has assumed the liberty of interpreting your vote as wholesale permission to act in any and all matters exactly as he may please. You feel that this approaches the border line of sharp dealing. You think you might have been given some idea as to what the mandate was to be about.

"A chocolate marshmallow nut sundae with cherries and pecans, please"

STAN HUNT

Unfinished Business

Judging by the record of six years, I believe Mr. Roosevelt will be remembered as a sincere humanitarian, as a man of courage when the nation had almost lost its courage, as the inaugurator of immense reforms and the awakener of the national conscience. *Also* as one who started many things and finished few, who, stepping out of the White House after eight years of unremittent legislation, left to his successor the herculean task of revising his reforms and making them work; and the even more challenging problem of how to arouse a spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice sufficient to make people willing to tighten up their belts and pull the country out of the financial bog into which extravagance and cockeyed economics had plunged it.

Perhaps more than any other Republican officeholder I have praised the President—some of my associates think, too much. Even now, if he would cease the agitation for new experiments and devote himself to the undramatic business of administration, if he would call into co-operation all the forces of industry, labor and agriculture for a united effort in the direction of national solvency, I would be among the first to lead the cheers. Criticism is not my favorite role.

I hold that the Republican party has a much more serious task than mere opposition. It has the problem of pulling conflicting elements together, acquiring a new social outlook, and making itself fit to take over the management of the government should the present trend away from the President continue.

What is the Republican program? What should the next President, if a Republican, do?

The Next President's Job

First of all, he should put into his Cabinet the ablest administrators the nation can provide. No living man can ever conduct the office of the presidency in the way Franklin Roosevelt has attempted to do it. In his energy and spirit he is almost superhuman. There are something like seventy bureaus, departments and commissions whose officials have the right and duty to report to the White House. No chief executive of any business tries to deal directly with more than a dozen subordinates. To them he delegates. The next President will have to demobilize and decentralize the burdens of the presidency. He will have to appoint men who can accept large responsibility and discharge it.

Second, he should call into conference the leaders of labor, agriculture and industry and lay on their shoulders the burden of collaboration in the public interest. Ours is a great business country; it can never reach its full productive capacity if the brains and energies of its citizens are subordinated to the shifting dictates of ever-increasing bureaucracy. There must be stimulus instead of discouragement, and reward for production instead of cumulative penalties. The whole tax structure should be revised so that "the power to tax," which is properly termed "the power to destroy," may be used to give incentive to productive capital and effort, and to levy more heavily only on the unproductive.

The next President should return promptly to Congress the powers taken from it under the plea of "emergency" in 1933. And Congress, reclothed with power, should be held responsible for the inception, as well as the passage, of legislation. The bureaus and commissions against which Mr. Roosevelt argued so brilliantly in 1932 should be curtailed, co-ordinated and simplified, as he promised they would be.

In other words, the next President will have the dull, prosaic and thankless job of management. It will be his difficult task to convince a people, gorged with promises and experiments, that the only way to work out a hard situation is by hard work.

Said Franklin Roosevelt at Wheeling, West Virginia, on October 19, 1932: "If this nation wants to know what is wrong with national government I will give the answer in one word. That word is 'mismanagement.'" He was very right when he said that in 1932. All that now needs to be changed in that statement is the date.

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"AMERICA'S FINEST"
a Salute to
OREGON
"The Beaver State"
ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"
State Capital is Salem—The State Population is 1,022,000. The Largest City is Portland—Its Population is 302,000.
Do You Know...that Oregon has more than five hundred billion feet of standing timber—enough to reach from the earth to the moon and back 200 times?...that some of Oregon's trees are 300 feet high—twice as high as the Statue of Liberty?...that the annual salmon catch is valued at over $2,000,000?...that Oregon has a greater variety of climates than any other state?

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in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan

Associate Producer Gene Markey · Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson
Based on a story by Sam Duncan

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Money Player

Continued from page 12

Wonderly, winning the National in the rain. . . .

Tommy Killgrain was on the practice fairway early Tuesday. Intent upon each shot, he didn't know Jean Drake had come until she spoke:

"I'd need a cannon to get distance like that."

He said, "Practice helps, but there have been plenty of times when I'd have been smart to let my caddie hit my shots. Times when I needed distance."

She wore soft, knitted brown. There was a glove upon her left hand, and her shoes had been chosen for comfort and not appearance. She tipped her head to one side as she listened, her grave eyes lifting to his.

"I'd wondered about that," she said. "You were good when you left Whitewood, but you didn't break records then. How did you learn to play so well?"

"The only way you can—by playing."

"I see." Her smile flashed briefly and was gone. "That's concise, but hardly accurate. Other men play for years and never win the National."

A slim, redheaded caddie came then, bringing Jean Drake's clubs and a bag of practice balls. He murmured something in answer to Jean Drake's, "Hello, Dusty," and grinned quickly when Tommy Killgrain said, "Miss Drake will be using her woods, Dusty."

"Right." Dusty spilled white balls upon the turf. "An' did you want me to pick up the ones you hit?"

"If you will, please."

DUSTY ducked his head and ran. Jean Drake followed him with her eyes, and then turned, smiling. "I ought to sue you," she said. "Dusty thought I was pretty swell till you came."

Tommy Killgrain grinned. "Dusty's a nice kid." He dropped his cigarette. "He hits a long ball, but he's wilder than an Indian."

Color stained her cheeks. Her words were edged, angry: "Is that all people mean to you? Are they just golf machines for you to tinker with?"

"What else?" The same instinct that had held him taut through the first moments of this meeting now made his face an impassive mask. "Golf is my job, isn't it? I'm a pro."

Friday they played the lower nine. Dusty was there, carrying both bags, a slim, smiling boy who managed somehow to be always within earshot.

And it wasn't until they reached the long fifth that he left them, running ahead to the break of the hill. Jean Drake didn't drive at once, but dropped cross-legged upon the turf and grinned up at Tommy Killgrain.

"Mustard plasters and Dusty," she said lightly, "try and get away from either of them. Had you noticed?"

Tommy Killgrain said, "Not particularly. Dusty's a good caddie, and he's just doing his job."

"I know." The laughter had gone from her eyes, leaving them gravely deep. "Paul Fenton had dinner with Father and me last night, Tommy. He talked about you a lot."

Tommy Killgrain lighted his cigarette. "Yes?"

"Paul's awfully proud of you, Tommy; he's a grand press agent. He told us about your club designs and how he talked you into coming back to Whitewood for two months until his factory can begin manufacturing your clubs. Why didn't you tell me how important you were?"

"But I'm not really. It's just—"

"Paul thinks so." She paused thoughtfully. "But how did you ever find time to go to school and—"

"Easy." Tommy Killgrain leaned forward, spreading brown hands. "I went to night school first. And then I taught golf on a driving range at night and went to class daytimes. It was made to order."

"So was the Bay Bridge—but that was a lot of work too." She came swiftly erect, smiling. "Are you coming to the club dance tonight?"

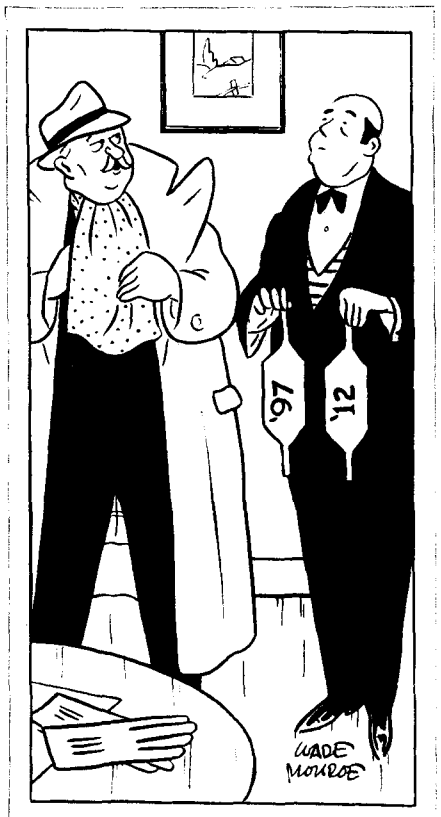
"That's for members."

"Silly, you're a member."

"I dance badly," he said. "I step on people."

"How nice!" She went past him to tee her ball, and her words came back, touched with warm laughter. "Here's my chance to get even with you. I'll give you lessons and tell you your stance is wrong, and that your grip is very bad. I'll have fun."

He said, "Lady, you've got yourself a job."



"I'd better wear the '12 armband today, Muckles; I'm taking Miss La Duer to the game"

WADE MOORE

THE drive was lined solidly with cars when Tommy Killgrain reached the club. The white of summer flannels showed palely against the night, and evening gowns made a swirl of alive color in the entrance. Laughter, voices, and the soft beat of music came across the lawn to meet him.

The bar opened upon the terrace and Tommy Killgrain went in that way. Paul Fenton called a greeting from a booth near the wall and asked. "Drink, Tommy?"

"Not now, Paul; thanks."

Tommy Killgrain was turning toward the inner door when he saw Leslie Jordan.

The big man was watching him, his eyes dark, the corners of his wide mouth lifting. He spoke as Killgrain passed his table, his harsh voice cutting through all other sound:

"This club's gone to hell. The pros used to stay in the caddie house."

The old anger came, and Tommy Killgrain stood quite still.

"I live here," he said finally, in a clear, almost pleasant voice. "Hadn't you heard?"

He moved on, without waiting for a reply, flinching inwardly at the single titter of laughter from behind.

He found Jean Drake on the far side of the ballroom. She came toward him, smiling behind outstretched hands. She wore soft and smoky blue, and there was a single orchid—his orchid—at her shoulder.

"I'd begun to think you weren't coming," she said.

"I was afraid I'd lose a customer if I didn't."

They danced only twice, for the room was warm and crowded, and she said, "Rescue me, Tommy, I'm going to smother in here."

The terrace too was crowded. They went down stone steps and across rolling lawn. Beyond the pool they found a bench, half hidden by the curve of the hill.

"Better?" Tommy Killgrain asked.

"That breeze, how good it feels!"

"I had it arranged." Tommy Killgrain dropped on the grass at her feet.

She laughed. "Braggart. But your orchid was nice."

"I'd wondered." His hands moved, brown against the white of his flannels. "I wasn't sure about that."

A gentle soberness came into her voice, a softness: "But, Tommy, what could worry you about an orchid? It was just a flower for a girl."

"But it wasn't."

SHE was quiet, her head inclined in the old, remembered way. The half light struck upward across smooth lips to eyes that were gravely dark. Eyes that somehow told him she would understand the thing he had to say.

"You came from Green Hill, Jean, and I lived on the wrong side of the tracks. The things I wonder about were a part of your life. I wanted to ask you to go to the club dance with me. I didn't ask you because I'd never been to anything but a few rat-races. You see?" One hand went out in a quick, almost savage gesture. "I wondered about the flower. I wondered about—"

"Tommy." She was beside him, her voice low and soft. "Don't worry about those things again. Ever. Just go on being the same Tommy Killgrain, and the rest will take care of itself."

"Jean—" His hands went to her shoulders, for suddenly there was no need for words. He kissed her with clumsy gentleness, and for a moment neither moved. The still hush was a warm thing, and there was only the murmuring voice of the wind in the trees.

A moment, and he let his arms fall slowly. They walked back toward the club, toward voices and lights. The small sounds of the night were lost in the thin and brassy wail of a muted trumpet as they went up the terrace stairs.

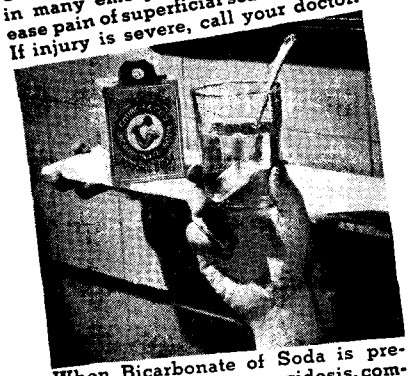
The quick pressure of her hand brought his eyes up. Leslie Jordan and Paul Fenton were ahead of them, standing in the light that spilled from the doorway. Jordan's big shoulders were bent, his face was darkly flushed. Obviously, he had drunk too much.

"Fenton," he said thickly, "Killgrain's shot with luck, but he's no golfer. He's yellow. I beat him before and I can beat him again."

There was a cold, bright hush.

Tommy Killgrain's mouth went thin.

Our Baking Soda is a faithful first aid in many emergencies. A paste will ease pain of superficial scalds, burns. If injury is severe, call your doctor.



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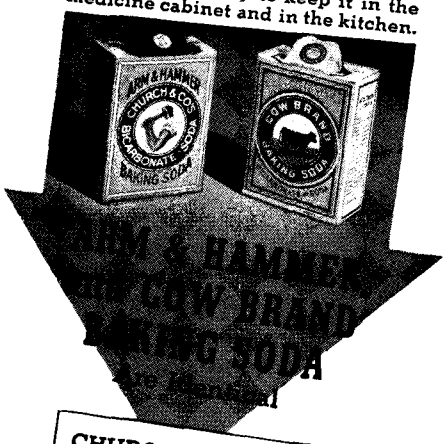

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THIS NEW.... SHREDDED RALSTON MAKES A REAL MAN'S BREAKFAST DOESN'T IT, SON?
I SURE LOVE THAT FLAVOR...AND THE NEW BITE SIZE MAKES IT SO EASY TO EAT
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston

NEW...BITE SIZE CEREAL
delicious new flavor

He was sure, savagely sure. Jordan had planned this—the careful setting, the audience, the wordy trap. Once, years before, he had come between Jordan and Jean Drake, and that time . . .

Fenton's voice came, smooth and quiet: "Tommy won the National, Jordan."

"He's lucky, but he's still a tramp."

Tommy Killgrain looked down. "Wait here, Jean."

"Tommy," she whispered, "don't let him . . ."

A bitter smile pulled at his lips. "I don't have to wonder about this, Jean; it's straight from my side of the tracks."

He left her and went quickly across the terrace. "I'm here, Jordan," he said in a thin, bleak voice. "You don't have to shout now."

Leslie Jordan turned, his big shoulders lifting. "I've told Fenton you're yellow, and I'll tell you. I'm going to prove it. You'll play me, Killgrain, or I'll laugh you out of the state."

The old rage was in Tommy Killgrain's throat, in his arms, in the stiff set of his face. Fenton had stepped back, and there was a thin man near the door who scrawled feverish notes—a sports writer whose column was featured in a dozen coast papers.

"Why go to all this trouble?" Tommy Killgrain asked bitterly. "I'll be glad to play you. Eighteen holes, match play, and I'll be ready when you are."

Leslie Jordan's mouth jerked. "For how much?"

"I'll leave that to you."

"Five thousand dollars."

Anger was thick upon Tommy Killgrain's lips, for he knew now why Jordan had planned this careful scene.

"That will be quite all right."

"Tomorrow at one." Leslie Jordan swayed and caught at the door. "And don't try to back out. My friends heard what you said."

THE crowd came early. And at one o'clock, when Tommy Killgrain and Dusty left the caddie house, there was a gallery of several hundred waiting around the first tee. An odd gallery, unlike any Tommy had ever seen, for there was little talk among them, little laughter.

Leslie Jordan was there, talking to a short, dark man who carried an official score pad. The short man came hurriedly to Tommy Killgrain's side.

"I'm James O'Hara," he said. "I—ah—have been asked to act as official for the match. You may, of course, demand a second official if you—"

"One's plenty," Tommy Killgrain said.

O'Hara mopped at his brow. "Fine. Now I've got to be sure you're using different balls. We don't want to get them mixed up."

Tommy Killgrain smiled. "You won't. I'm shooting Eagle tournament balls that have my name on them."

The honor went to Leslie Jordan who called, "Heads," as the coin spun, flashing in the sun. His drive was long, and he grinned at the thin splatter of applause.

Dusty's mouth twitched as he whispered, "Take him, Tommy, take him. I got five bucks of my dough riding on you."

Tommy Killgrain said, "Relax, Dusty."

He lost the first three holes. Lost them, for the stiff anger still lay in his shoulders, and the smooth, lashing power had gone out of his grooved swing. He was fighting his shots, reaching, pressing.

Jean Drake and Paul Fenton were in the gallery. He saw them at the first green, and again at the third. He felt Jean's eyes upon him as his putt went wide of the hole, and looked up to see her troubled smile.

Paul Fenton fell in step with him on the way to the fourth tee. His eyes held no expression and he said only, "This is better weather than you had at Wonderly, Tommy," before he stepped back into the crowd.

Tommy Killgrain looked at his hands as he waited for Jordan to drive. Skilled hands, square and brown and solid, that had won for him at Pinecrest, at Pebble Beach, at Wonderly. . . .

He thought of Belaire then. Belaire who had cracked here, in the Open, and had gone on to win it twice in later years; who had said, "Hit your shots and forget everything else if you want to win."

Tommy Killgrain's drive hooked, far out, but he grinned as he followed Dusty down the fairway. This shot didn't matter, no single shot did now, for the good looseness was in his shoulders again.

THE gallery stayed with Leslie Jordan as Dusty and Tommy Killgrain went into the rough. Dusty walked slowly, pausing for a moment beside a pile of gray rock. Skirting that, he went on, and a moment later called, "Here it is."

The ball lay in the open. Between it and the green there was a shaggy, low-branched tree, and beyond that a trap yawned deeply. Tommy Killgrain mapped his shot unhurriedly, and checked the contour of the ground on the far side of the trap before he went back to the white-faced, waiting Dusty.

"Give me the three iron," he said, "and pray."

The gallery was quiet as he bent over the ball. He played it the hard way, for anything else meant an extra shot and the loss of the hole. Played it low and close to the tree where it could slip under the branches and clear the trap. The rise there kicked the ball sharply right, as he had planned, and it curved upward across the green to stop six feet from the pin.

"Lord," Dusty breathed, "you got away with it."

Tommy Killgrain said, "We've got luck, kid," and looked up to see Jean Drake standing near by. There was an odd, intent look about her eyes, and she turned quickly, almost as though afraid he might speak.

Tommy Killgrain won the fourth, the fifth, halved the sixth and squared the match on the seventh. He was two up when they made the turn.

Two up and nine to go, and he was right. He knew that, as good golfers can, for there is a feel about golf, made up of the thousand small things that go into a perfect shot. There are days when the ball bounces to the right and open ground, when knee-deep rough and trouble wait on the left. Days when your woods are sweet and long, when your irons soar cleanly into the sky and drop pin-high, when your putts go down. Days when you are right.

He played now as he had at Wonderly. He spoke only to Dusty. And his game was machinelike, beautiful.

Leslie Jordan won the tenth and Killgrain the eleventh.

He watched Leslie Jordan now, waiting for the thing he knew must come. The signs were there—the shifting stance, the long, long wait over each shot. Small things, these, but the signboards of pressure.

Jordan hooked his tee shot on the twelfth, and missed a short putt. His face was gray and his lips jerked as O'Hara said, "Mr. Killgrain is three up with six holes to go. Your honor, Mr. Killgrain."

They halved the short thirteenth, and there Tommy Killgrain saw the thing he had waited for. Leslie Jordan's putt had dropped, but he had faltered on his backstroke. The fine edge of his touch was gone and now . . .

Pressure. An old thing when you fol-

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low the money loop, but new to Leslie Jordan. Swiftly, terribly, it came to grow with each stroke, each passing hole. His timing would go first, the "beginner's loop" would creep into his backswing. And then Leslie Jordan would crack, as even the great had cracked.

The gallery sensed the change, and waited in tense quiet. And on the fifteenth tee it came.

The fairway was narrow-throated there, walled in by high, green hedges. Tommy Killgrain watched the big man's ragged backswing, and looked quickly away. The heart had gone out of Jordan, and the rest would not be nice to see.

There was the bad sound of Jordan's driver taking turf, the low, half-groan that rose from the gallery. And then the cry reached them faintly. "Out of bounds."

Jordan's choked curse was loud in the drawn quiet.

"This's it," Dusty whispered happily.

"It's nice cleaning up after a sweepstakes winner throws a party!"

A. ROSS

"He's busted wide open. You win, Tommy—five up and three to go."

Tommy Killgrain said, "Quiet, Dusty."

The fifteenth green saw the end. There was little life in Leslie Jordan's handclasp, and his voice was thick:

"You win, but don't expect me to like it."

THE early dusk had drawn gray curtains across the windows when Tommy Killgrain came into the bar. He found Jean Drake alone in a booth near the door. There was dark concern in her eyes and she didn't speak.

"You're hard to find," he said. "I've been looking for you since—"

"Since you won five thousand dollars," she finished crisply. "That's a lot of money, Tommy."

Tommy Killgrain forced a strained grin. "Jean, I'm sorry if I've messed things up. What have I done?"

"You'll know in a minute," she said quietly. "We've got company."

Leslie Jordan came then, with O'Hara and two other men. There was anger in the thin set of his mouth, and his eyes were sharply bright. His clear voice struck through the quiet:

"Killgrain, you're a damned cheat!"

Tommy Killgrain came slowly to his feet. "You'll eat that," he whispered, "or I'll take you apart with my hands."

Leslie Jordan dropped a golf ball on the table. "Ever see that before?"

"It's an Eagle with my name on it. You know it's my ball. What of it?"

"A friend of mine found that ball on the fourth." Leslie Jordan leaned forward. "That was your drive, and it was in those boulders in an unplayable lie. You stepped on it, and dropped another ball out in the open."

Tommy Killgrain swayed. The picture of that hole was bright in his mind. He knew, just as if he had seen it, exactly what had happened. Dusty had paused beside that pile of rock. Dusty had stepped on the ball.

"I've got witnesses," Jordan's voice ran on harshly. "I'm claiming the match."

Tommy Killgrain said, "Wait—" and suddenly there were no more words. Dusty had been trying to help. He couldn't throw that smiling boy to the wolves. Anyway, there was no proof, and they would laugh at his story.

He dropped two slips of paper upon the table. "Your check, and mine," he said stiffly.

There was no sound at all in the big room as he crossed to the door.

TOMMY KILLGRAIN used the phone in the caddie house and called Paul Fenton's home. Swiftly and without mention of Dusty, he told Fenton what had happened, and ended with: "I'm resigning of course. Thanks for the break, Paul, I'm sorry things came unstuck."

Twilight deepened into dark as he packed. At least, he thought bitterly, I won the National, and they can't take that away from me. And even as the thought came he knew that already they had taken it. For the story would spread, as one man told another, and in the next tournament a special official would be assigned to watch him. The gallery would whisper and point. . . .

Two hours later he left his bags on the caddie-house porch and went down the drive for his roadster. He heard the murmur of voices then, and Jean Drake and Paul Fenton came out of the dark toward him.

"We knew you wouldn't leave without your car," Paul Fenton said. "And so we waited here."

"Why make it worse?" Tommy Killgrain asked.

"Jean got the straight of this from Dusty and brought him over to the house. I talked to Jordan and O'Hara. Five and three isn't a match, Tommy, it's a beating. You won, and they know it." He pushed crisp paper into Tommy Killgrain's hand. "Here's your check. And don't worry about Dusty. He meant well, and you don't damn a man for trying. He's going to work for me in the plant."

"Thanks, I—"

"And you'd better come down Monday. Things are beginning to move and I need you." Paul Fenton chuckled and moved off in the dark. "Save your thanks for Jean."

Tommy Killgrain turned to look down at the girl. "You're swell," he said awkwardly. "I—ah—thanks. I . . ."

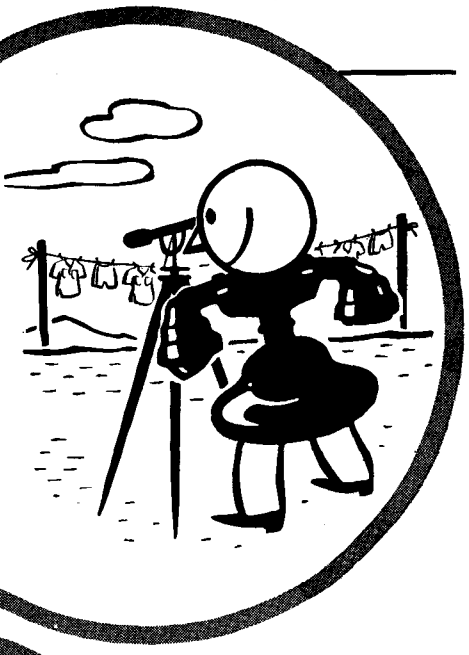
"But I'm not, Tommy," she whispered. "I knew something had happened on the fourth, but I was afraid you might have done it. Then I saw your face when Jordan dropped the ball on the table. I knew, Tommy."

She was smiling, and her eyes were mistily bright in the dark. A step, and she was in his arms, and he was saying, huskily, "Jean, it may be a little while, but if you'll wait—"

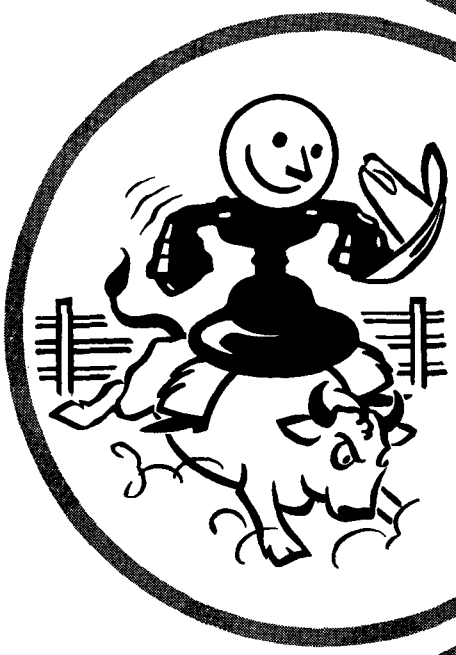
"Forever, if I must, Tommy. But I'll hate every minute of it."

TABLOID TELEPHONE TALES

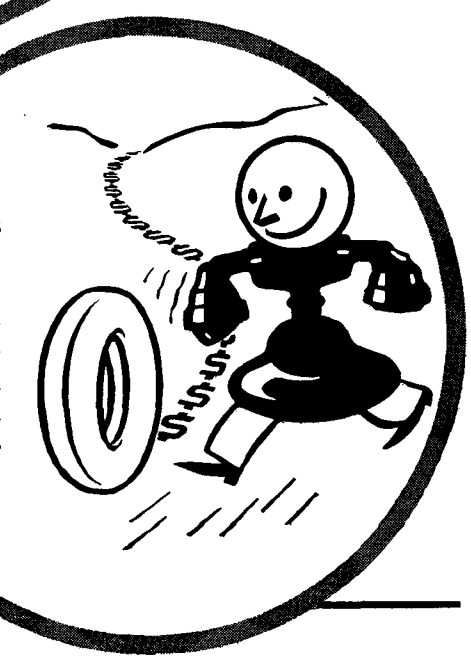
Brief stories of how Long Distance is ringing the bell for businesses of all sorts and sizes



A UNIFORM MANUFACTURER, who sells to summer camps, needed to know his customers' plans to determine production schedules. Personal contact, discussion and *speed* were important. He telephoned 300 customers at a cost of $120—got needed information, plus 25 immediate orders. Results justified extension of survey to 900 other customers.



SALESMEN for a cattle feed distributor *combine* telephone and personal visits—to increase coverage during busy seasons—to reach customers missed on regular trips—and to keep in touch with out-of-way customers. Telephoning is fast, personal, builds good will. In one year, sales increased 15% at low telephone cost.



A TIRE COMPANY branch office has improved collections by follow-up telephone calls on overdue accounts. Tactful telephoning reaches right person, finds reasons for non-payment, helps clear up complaints and arrange settlement—all at low cost. Promises given *personally* by telephone are usually kept.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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COLLIER'S THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

The Strained-Relations Act

WE GET more and more fed up with the way the National Labor Relations Act is and is not working out. We fervently hope the next Congress, convening after New Year's, may screw its courage to the sticking point and give this law, familiarly known as the Wagner Act, some simple, far-reaching amendments.

The Wagner Act was sponsored by Senator Robert F. Wagner (Dem., N. Y.) and passed by Congress in 1935 with the best intentions in the world. American employers up to that time had been free to use the dirtiest tactics they could think up against workers who wanted to organize. Some of them habitually took advantage of that freedom. Not all of them by any means—and the percentage was growing smaller as more and more employers came to realize the business horse sense of treating workers decently—but some of them.

This law was designed to root out the labor spy, the stool pigeon, the blacklist, the rigged company union. But, as experience has now shown, it overshot its mark.

It should have made the government a friendly umpire, fair to both sides in labor disputes, if it was to work well. Instead, it loaded the dice and marked the important cards in favor of labor and against the employer.

The main trouble with the Wagner Act is its vague, generalized wording on certain essential points. Especially is it foggy on the subject of worker elections to determine whether the employees in any given plant want a labor union to represent them in dealing with the boss, and, if so, what union. Can the employer call for such an election, to be held under supervision of the regional labor board? Senator Wagner, author of the act, insists that he can. But the act is so cloudy on this question that different regional labor boards rule differently.

In some districts the employer or the employees can ask for such an election and get it; in others, only the employees can ask for it, while the employer's hands are tied.

The various regional labor boards, and the National Labor Relations Board have settled numerous labor disputes to all sides' full satisfaction. True. But there have been far too many important cases where the supposed government arbitrators—government umpires—have acted as obviously biased seconds and coaches for the labor side.

Everybody who reads the papers knows this to be a fact; we haven't the space to go into details here. The National Labor Relations Act as now worded is a strained-relations act. It plays into the hands of the racketeer-at-heart type of labor leader. It is literally meat and drink to Communists and labor fakers, who get fat on class hatreds and who get lean and hungry when labor and capital are producing along together with the least possible friction.

It may, in time, unless it is changed, produce the same sort of reaction that simply killed off unionism in Italy and Germany.

Two wrongs do not make a right—or protect John Q. Public, the innocent bystander who pays for all the labor-capital fights and who for several years has been taking it on the chin from overzealous pickets, jurisdictional strikers, sit-downers and boycotters. It was wrong when the government, before the New Deal, winked at unfair boss exploitation of labor, as the government used to do. It is just as wrong and just as injurious to the general public to have the government nowadays aiding and abetting labor-leader exploitation of labor.

We can solve this problem. It has been solved in the Scandinavian countries, notably Sweden, and in Great Britain, so far as normal human cussedness and selfishness will permit, which is as far as any reasonable person can expect.

In those countries, as the President remarked when he made public the report of his commission to investigate labor relations there, "all concerned live up to the rules of the game, participating with restraint and mutual respect in the process of collective bargaining."

All concerned can behave that way in Sweden and England because they are operating under labor laws drawn with fair regard for the rights of all concerned, not slanted toward one side's rights and away from the other's. British and Swedish mediation boards and conciliators are chosen impartially, because the law compels it, and act conscientiously because they know they will be fired out if caught acting otherwise.

There are still plenty of strikes, plenty of labor disputes, plenty of lockouts, in Britain and Sweden; probably there always will be, human nature being what it is. But there are not the excesses and the wastes and the labor vendettas, in either Britain or Sweden, that Americans have been enduring up to now under the Wagner Act.

Our employers and our workers, we believe, are just as capable of settling their differences peaceably as are Britons or Swedes. In some industries they already do so. For one example, look at the friendly relations between the railroads and the railway brotherhoods. For another, look at the smooth give-and-take that goes on in the dress industry between garment manufacturers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

But neither our employers nor our workers, by and large, can come around to a spirit of "restraint and mutual respect in the process of collective bargaining" as long as they have to deal under a law that encourages anything but restraint or mutual respect.

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TEST A 1939 PACKARD SIGN BY SIGN

Each emphasizes some phase of motoring bettered by

ENGINE and
SHOCK ABSORBER

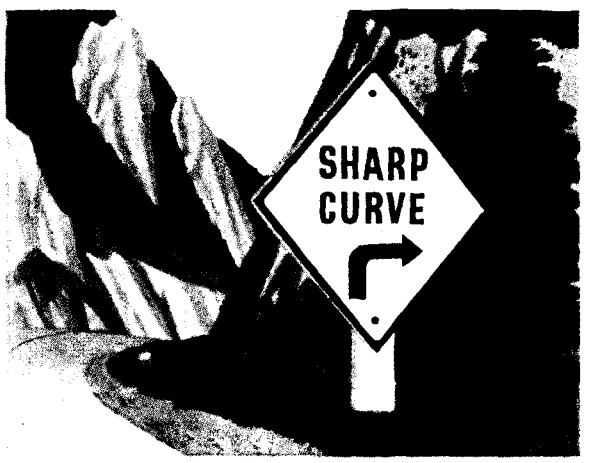
two exclusive improvements in the new Packard

"What in the world," you may say, "will the traffic signs tell me about these new Packards?"

They'll tell you that Packard, this year, has completely changed motor car behavior!

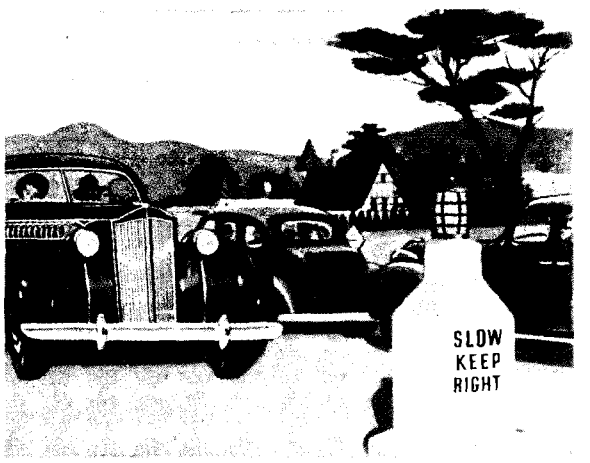
Take the Traffic Sign Test and see for yourself . . .

Pass a sign that says the oncoming road is rough. Where are the bumps the sign promised? You're riding freer of shocks than ever before—for you are riding the *first* car equipped with a device designed to halt *cross-wise* shocks. Don't forget, all road shocks hit partly *cross-wise*. And now, to the world's best system for absorbing up-and-down shocks, Packard has added a FIFTH shock absorber, which completely smothers these hitherto-unchecked *cross-wise* shocks!

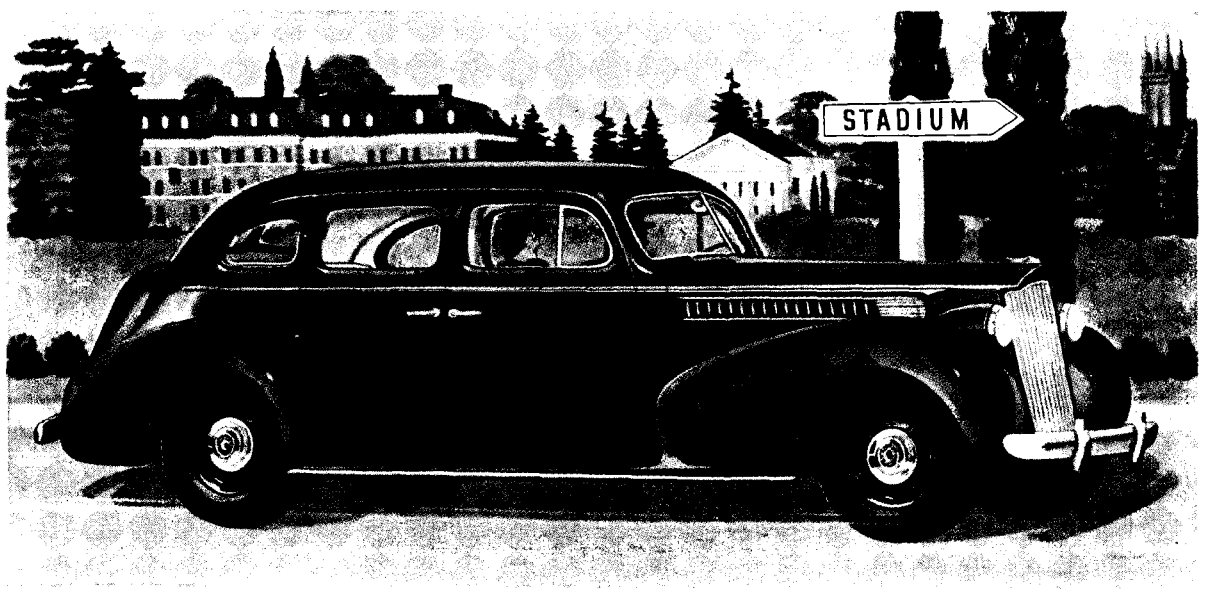


Take a sharp curve. Notice that?—there's no objectionable side-sway or body-roll. The FIFTH shock absorber wipes out these results of cross-wise forces—*and effectively reduces a car's tendency to go into a side-slipping skid!*

When you shift gears, you'll be struck with another instance of Packard quality. For these Packards have a design borrowed from the $4000 Packard Twelve—the Packard UNIMESH transmission. Gears are in *constant* mesh. Result: shifting is easier, quieter, faster!



You're in the congested area now—and are benefiting by still another great Packard development—the Packard TRAFFIC & TRAVEL engine. Four new improvements let this brilliant motor make *better use* of gas, at *both* traffic and touring speeds, than any engine Packard has ever built.



By this time, you'll agree that for sheer mechanical wizardry, this new Packard is the greatest car on the roads! But there's still *another* extra that only Packard gives you . . .

For only from Packard can you get the stunning lines that *immediately* identify the car you're driving. A Packard *looks* like a Packard—can you say as much for other cars? And when you buy a Packard, your pride in it goes deeper than the usual "new car pride." You *stay* prouder of it . . . So, for 1939's greatest motoring sensation, see your Packard dealer now and *take the Traffic Sign Test!*

Two more vital developments . . .

First—an improved steering column shift—the Packard Handishift—is now standard equipment on the 1939 Packard One Twenty and Packard Six. Puts your gear lever under the steering wheel, clears front floor.

Second—the new Packard *Econo-Drive* is available at slight extra cost. Works with a foot-touch at speeds over 30. Cuts engine speed 27.8%, decreases wear, saves gas and oil at cruising speeds. Makes performance even smoother and quieter

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SIX and 120*

*(Also known as the Packard Eight)

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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"And pots and pans call for Old Dutch Cleanser!"

Happy holidays are even happier for the millions of homemakers who use Old Dutch. For this quick-acting cleanser does its work so swiftly that they have more time to spend with their families. The extra "before and after" cleaning is easy for Old Dutch. It gets the woodwork, floors and bathtub shiningly clean before the holiday . . . "polishes off" the small mountain of pots and pans that face you when the feast is over.

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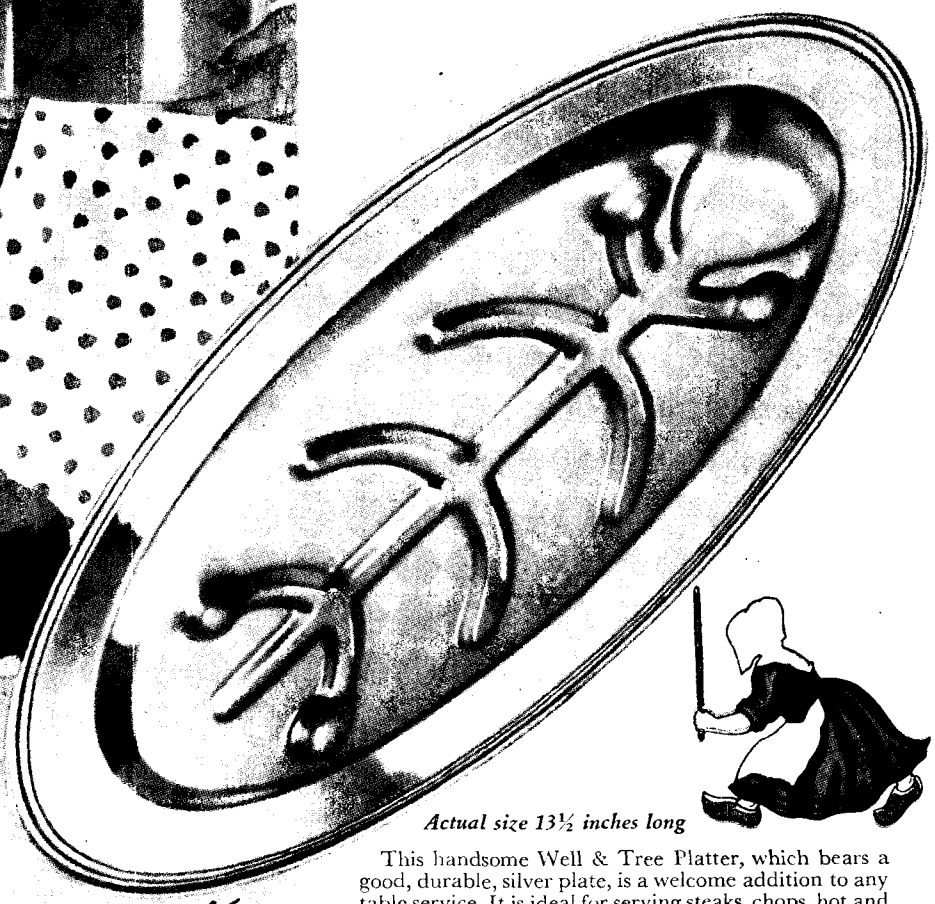

Actual size 13½ inches long

This handsome Well & Tree Platter, which bears a good, durable, silver plate, is a welcome addition to any table service. It is ideal for serving steaks, chops, hot and cold meats, omelets, vegetables; and will make a smart buffet tray for sandwiches, cakes, and desserts. The Well & Tree design allows the meat juices to drain away, into a well, where they can be easily ladled out. The outer edge is finished in a raised border effect that adds to the richness of the platter. The debossing on the bottom of the platter raises it from the table, leaving air space between the table and the platter.

This offer good only in the United States and Canada while supply lasts and expires February 15, 1939.

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